
THE
B E A U T I E S
O F
E N G L I S H P R O S E.



245 h/19

THE
B E A U T I E S
O F
E N G L I S H P R O S E :
B E I N G A
S E L E C T C O L L E C T I O N
O F
M o r a l , C r i t i c a l , a n d E n t e r t a i n i n g P a s s a g e s ,
D i s p o s e d b y W a y o f
E S S A Y S ;

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Also from the

SPECTATOR, TATLER, GUARDIAN, CONNOISSEUR,
WORLD, ADVENTURER, RAMBLER, and IDLER.

The Whole tending to cultivate the Mind, and promote
the Practice of Virtue.

— This opens Wisdom's ray,
And gives access, tho' secret she retire. MILTON.

V O L . I I .

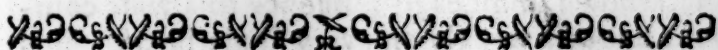
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THE
BEAUTIES
OF
ENGLISH PROSE.



B O O K IV.

C H A P. I.

D E A T H.

S E C T. I.

Looked upon with too much apathy.

THOUGH every instance of death may justly awaken our fears, and quicken our vigilance, it seldom happens that we are much alarmed, unless some close connection is broken, some scheme frustrated, or some hope defeated. Many therefore seem to pass on from youth to decrepitude without any reflection on the end of life, because they are wholly involved within themselves, and look on others only as inhabitants of the common earth, without any expectation of receiving good, or intention of bestowing it.

It is indeed impossible, without some mortification of that desire which every man feels of being remembered and lamented, to remark how little concern is caused by the eternal departure even of those who have passed their lives with public honours, and been distinguished by superior qualities, or extraordinary performances. It is not possible to be regarded with tenderness except by a few. That merit which gives greatness and renown, diffuses its influence to a wide compass, but acts weakly on every single breast; it is placed at a distance from common spectators, and shines like one of the remote stars, of which the light reaches us, but not the heat. The wit, the hero, the philosopher, whom either their tempers or their fortunes have hindered from intimate relations and tender intercourses, die often without any other effect than that of adding a new topic to the conversation of the day. They impress none with any fresh conviction of the fragility of our nature, because none had any particular interest in their lives, or was united to them by a reciprocation of benefits and endearments.

Thus we find it often happens, that those who in their lives have excited applause and admiration, are laid at last in the ground without the common honour of a stone; because by those excellencies with which many have been delighted, none have been obliged; and though they had many to celebrate, they had none to love them.

Custom so far regulates the sentiments at least of common minds, that I believe men may be generally observed to grow less tender as they advance in age. He, who, when life was new, melted at the loss of every companion, can look in

in time without concern upon the grave into which his last friend was thrown, and into which himself is ready to fall; not that he is more willing to die than formerly, but that he is more familiar to the death of others, and therefore is not alarmed so far as to consider how much nearer he approaches to his end. But this is to submit tamely to the tyranny of accident, and to suffer our reason to lie useless. Every funeral may justly be considered as a summons to prepare for that state, into which it shews us we must some time enter; and the summons is more loud and piercing, as the event of which it warns us is at less distance. To neglect at any time preparation for death, is to sleep on our post at a siege; but to omit it in old age is to sleep at an attack.

It has always appeared to me one of the most striking passages in the visions of Quevedo, which stigmatizes those as fools who complain that they failed of happiness by sudden death. "How, says he, can death be sudden to a being who always knew that he must die, and that the time of his death was uncertain?"

Since business and gaiety are always drawing our attention away from a future state, some admonition is frequently necessary to recall it to our minds; and what can more properly renew the impression than the examples of mortality which every day supplies? The great incentive to virtue is the reflection that we must die; it will therefore be useful to accustom ourselves, whenever we see a funeral, to consider how soon we may be added to the number of those whose probation is past, and whose happiness or misery shall endure for ever.

Rambler, No. 78.

S E C T. II.

A means to make the thoughts thereof the sweetest enjoyment.

THE prospect of Death is so gloomy and dismal, that if it were constantly before our eyes, it would imbitter all the sweets of life. The gracious Author of our being hath therefore so formed us, that we are capable of many pleasing sensations and reflections, and meet with so many amusements and solitudes, as diverts our thoughts from dwelling upon an evil, which, by reason of its seeming distance, makes but languid impressions upon the mind. But how distant soever the time of our death may be, since it is certain that we must die, it is necessary to allot some portion of our life to consider the end of it; and it is highly convenient to fix some stated times to meditate upon the final period of our existence here. The principle of self-love, as we are men, will make us enquire, what is like to become of us after our dissolution? and our conscience, as we are Christians, will inform us, that according to the good or evil of our actions here, we shall be translated to the mansions of eternal bliss or misery. When this is seriously weighed, we must think it madness to be unprepared against the black moment; but when we reflect that perhaps that black moment may be to-night, how watchful ought we to be!

I was wonderfully affected with a discourse I had lately with a clergyman of my acquaintance upon this head, which was to this effect:

“ The

“ The consideration, said the good man, that my being is precarious moved me many years ago to make a resolution, which I have diligently kept, and to which I owe the greatest satisfaction that a mortal man can enjoy. Every night before I address myself in private to my Creator, I lay my hand upon my heart, and ask myself, Whether if God should require my soul of me this night, I could hope for mercy from him? The bitter agonies I underwent in this my first acquaintance with myself, were so far from throwing me into despair of that mercy which is over all God’s works, that they rather proved motives to greater circumspection in my future conduct. The oftener I exercised myself in meditations of this kind, the less was my anxiety; and by making the thoughts of death familiar, what was at first so terrible and shocking, is become the sweetest of my enjoyments. These contemplations have indeed made me serious, but not sullen; nay, they are so far from having soured my temper, that as I have a mind perfectly composed, and a secret spring of joy in my heart, so my conversation is pleasant, and my countenance serene. I taste all the innocent satisfactions of life pure and sincere; I have no share in pleasures that leave a sting behind them, nor am I cheated with that kind of mirth, “ in the midst of which there is heaviness.”

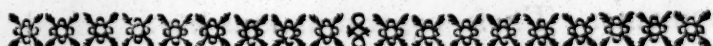
Guardian, N^o. 18.

S E C T. III.

What is the best consolation against its terrors.

I know but one way of fortifying my soul against the gloomy presages and terrors of

death, and that is, by securing to myself the friendship and protection of that Being who disposes of events, and governs futurity. He sees, at one view, the whole thread of my existence, not only that part of it which I have already passed through, but that which runs forward into all the depths of eternity. When I lay me down to sleep, I recommend myself to his care; when I awake, I give myself up to his direction. Amidst all the evils that threaten me, I will look up to him for help, and question not but he will either avert them, or turn them to my advantage. Tho' I know neither the time nor the manner of the death I am to die, I am not at all solicitous about it; because I am sure that he knows them both, and that he will not fail to comfort and support me under them. *Spectator, No. 7.*



C H A P. II.

D E B T O R S.

S E C T. I.

Their confinement proved to be prejudicial to the community.

AS I was passing lately under one of the gates of this city, I was struck with horror by a rueful cry, which summoned me to remember the poor debtors.

The

The wisdom and justice of the English laws are, by Englishmen at least, loudly celebrated; but scarcely the most zealous admirers of our institutions can think that law wise, which when men are capable of work, obliges them to beg; or just, which exposes the liberty of one to the passions of another.

The prosperity of a people is proportionate to the number of hands and minds usefully employed. To the community sedition is a fever, corruption is a gangrene, and idleness an atrophy. Whatever body, and whatever society, wastes more than it acquires, must gradually decay; and every being that continues to be fed, and ceases to labour, takes away something from the public stock.

The confinement, therefore, of any man in the sloth and darkness of a prison, is a loss to the nation, and no gain to the creditor. For of the multitudes who are pining in those cells of misery, a very small part is suspected of any fraudulent act by which they retain what belongs to others. The rest are imprisoned by the wantonness of pride, the malignity of revenge, or the acrimony of disappointed expectation.

If those, who thus rigorously exercise the power which the law has put into their hands, be asked, why they continue to imprison those whom they know to be unable to pay them: One will answer, that his debtor once lived better than himself; another, that his wife looked above her neighbours, and his children went in silk cloaths to the dancing school; and another, that he pretended to be a joker and a wit. Some will reply, that if they were

in debt they should meet with the same treatment; some, that they owe no more than they can pay, and need therefore give no account of their actions. Some will confess their resolution, that their debtors shall rot in jail; and some will discover, that they hope, by cruelty, to wring the payment from their friends.

The end of all civil regulations is to secure private happiness from private malignity; to keep individuals from the power of one another; but this end is apparently neglected, when a man, irritated with loss, is allowed to be the judge of his own cause, and to assign the punishment of his own pain; when the distinction between guilt and unhappiness, between casualty and design, is intrusted to eyes blinded with interest, to understandings depraved by resentment.

Since poverty is punished among us as a crime, it ought at least to be treated with the same lenity as other crimes; the offender ought not to languish, at the will of him whom he has offended, but to be allowed some appeal to the justice of his country. There can be no reason, why any debtor should be imprisoned, but that he may be compelled to payment; and a term should therefore be fixed, in which the creditor should exhibit his accusation of concealed property. If such property can be discovered, let it be given to the creditor; if the charge is not offered, or cannot be proved, let the prisoner be dismissed.

Those who made the laws, have apparently supposed, that every deficiency of payment is the crime of the debtor. But the truth is, that the creditor always shares the act, and often
more

more than shares the guilt of improper trust. It seldom happens that any man imprisons another but for debts which he suffered to be contracted, in hope of advantage to himself, and for bargains in which he proportioned his profit to his own opinion of the hazard; and there is no reason, why one should punish the other, for a contract in which both concurred.

Many of the inhabitants of prisons may justly complain of harder treatment. He that once owes more than he can pay, is often obliged to bribe his creditor to patience, by increasing his debt. Worse and worse commodities, at a higher and higher price, are forced upon him; he is impoverished by compulsive traffick, and at last overwhelmed, in the common receptacles of misery, by debts, which, without his own consent, were accumulated on his head. To the relief of this distress, no other objection can be made, but that by an easy dissolution of debts, fraud will be left without punishment, and imprudence without awe, and that when insolvency shall be no longer punishable, credit will cease. *Idler, N^o. 22.*

S E C T. II.

Imprisonment productive of depravity in their morals.

T H E monastick institutions have been often blamed, as tending to retard the increase of mankind. And perhaps retirement ought rarely to be permitted, except to those whose employment is consistent with abstraction, and who, tho' solitary, will not be idle; to those

whom infirmity makes useless to the commonwealth, or to those who have paid their due proportion to society, and who, having lived for others, may be honourably dismissed to live for themselves. But whatever be the evil or the folly of these retreats, those have no right to censure them whose prisons contain greater numbers than the monasteries of other countries. It is, surely, less foolish and less criminal to permit inaction than compel it; to comply with doubtful opinions of happiness, than condemn to certain and apparent misery; to indulge the extravagancies of erroneous piety, than to multiply and enforce temptations to wickedness.

The misery of gaols is not half their evil; they are filled with every corruption which poverty and wickedness can generate between them; with all the shameless and profligate enormities that can be produced by the impudence of ignominy, the rage of want, and the malignity of despair. In a prison the awe of the publick eye is lost, and the power of the law is spent; there are few fears, there are no blushes. The lewd inflame the lewd, the audacious harden the audacious. Every one fortifies himself as he can against his own sensibility, endeavours to practise on others the arts which are practised on himself; and gains the kindness of his associates by similitude of manners.

Thus some sink amidst their misery, and others survive only to propagate villainy. It may be hoped that our lawgivers will at length take away from us this power of starving and depraving one another: but, if there be any reason

son why this inveterate evil should not be removed in our age, which true policy has enlightened beyond any former time, let those, whose writings form the opinions and the practices of their contemporaries, endeavour to transfer the reproach of such imprisonment from the debtor to the creditor, till universal infamy shall pursue the wretch, whose wantonness of power, or revenge of disappointment, condemns another to torture and to ruin; till he shall be hunted through the world as an enemy to man, and find in riches no shelter from contempt.

Surely, he whose debtor has perished in prison, though he may acquit himself of deliberate murder, must at least have his mind clouded with discontent, when he considers how much another has suffered from him; when he thinks on the wife bewailing her husband, or the children begging the bread which their father would have earned. If there are any made so obdurate by avarice or cruelty, as to revolve these consequences without dread or pity, I must leave them to be awakened by some other power, for I write only to human beings.

Idler, N°. 38.

C H A P. III.

D E L I C A C Y.

S E C T. I.

Constitutional, and often dangerous.

SOME people are subject to a certain delicacy of passion, which makes them extremely sensible to all the accidents of life, and gives them a lively joy upon every prosperous event, as well as a piercing grief, when they meet with crosses and adversity. Favours and good offices easily engage their friendship, while the smallest injury provokes their resentment. Any honour or mark of distinction elevates them above measure; but they are as sensibly touched with contempt. People of this character have, no doubt, much more lively enjoyments, as well as more pungent sorrows, than men of cool and sedate tempers: but I believe when every thing is ballanced, there is no one, who would not rather chuse to be of the latter character, were he entirely master of his own disposition. Good or ill fortune is very little at our own disposal: and when a person who has this sensibility of temper, meets with any misfortune, his sorrow or resentment takes intire possession of him, and deprives him of all relish in the common occurrences of life, the right enjoyment of which forms the greatest part of our happiness. Great pleasures are much less frequent

quent than great pains ; so that a sensible temper cannot meet with fewer trials in the former way than in the latter : not to mention, that men of such lively passions are apt to be transported beyond all bounds of prudence and discretion, and to take false steps in the conduct of life, which are often irretrievable.

Hume's Essays.

S E C T. II.

Delicacy of taste desirable.

T H E R E is a delicacy of taste observable in some men, which very much resembles this delicacy of passion, and produces the same sensibility to beauty and deformity of every kind, as that does to prosperity and adversity, obligations and injuries. When you present a poem or a picture to a man possessed of this talent, the delicacy of his feelings makes him to be touched very sensibly with every part of it ; nor are the masterly strokes perceived with more exquisite relish and satisfaction, than the negligences or absurdities with disgust and uneasiness. A polite and judicious conversation affords him the highest entertainment ; rudeness or impertinence is as great a punishment to him. In short, delicacy of taste has the same effect as delicacy of passion : it enlarges the sphere both of our happiness and misery, and makes us sensible to pains as well as pleasures which escape the rest of mankind.

I believe, however, there is no one, who will not agree with me, that, notwithstanding this resemblance,

resemblance, a delicacy of taste is as much to be desired and cultivated as a delicacy of passion is to be lamented, and to be remedied if possible. The good or ill accidents of life are very little at our disposal; but we are pretty much masters what books we shall read, what diversions we shall partake of, and what company we shall keep. Philosophers have endeavoured to render happiness entirely independent of every thing external that is impossible to be attained: but every wise man will endeavour to place his happiness on such objects as depend most upon himself; and that is not to be attained so much by any other means, as by this delicacy of sentiment. When a man is possessed of that talent, he is more happy by what pleases his taste, than by what gratifies his appetites; and receives more enjoyment from a poem or a piece of reasoning, than the most expensive luxury can afford.

Hume's Essays.

S E C T. III.

That it teaches us to select our company.

DELICACY of taste is favourable to love and friendship, by confining our choice to few people, and making us indifferent to the company and conversation of the greatest part of men. You will very seldom find that mere men of the world, whatever strong sense they may be endowed with, are very nice in distinguishing of characters, or in marking those insensible differences and gradations which make one man preferable to another. Any one that has com-
petent

petent sense, is sufficient for their entertainment: they talk to him of their pleasures and affairs with the same frankness as they would to any other; and finding many who are fit to supply his place, they never feel any vacancy or want in his absence. But to make use of the allusion of a famous French author, the judgment may be compared to a clock or watch, where the most ordinary machine is sufficient to tell the hours; but the most elaborate and artificial can only point the minutes and seconds, and distinguish the smallest differences of time. One who has well digested his knowledge both of books and men, has little enjoyment but in the company of a few select companions. He feels too sensibly how much all the rest of mankind fall short of the notions which he has entertained; and his affections being thus confined within a narrow circle, no wonder he carries them farther than if they were more general and undistinguished. The gaiety and frolic of a bottle-companion improves with him into a solid friendship; and the ardours of a youthful appetite into an elegant passion.

Hume's Essays.

CHAP. IV.

DETRACTION.

A detestable vice.

IT has been remarked, that men are generally kind in proportion as they are happy; and it is said, even of the devil, that he is good-humoured when he is pleased. Every act, therefore, by which another is injured, from whatever motive, contracts more guilt, and expresses greater malignity, if it is committed in those seasons which are set apart to pleasantry and good-humour, and brightened with enjoyments peculiar to rational and social beings.

Detraction is among those vices which the most languid virtue has sufficient force to prevent; because by detraction, that is not gained which is taken away. "He who filches from me my good name, says Shakespear, enriches not himself, but makes me poor indeed." As nothing therefore degrades human nature more than detraction, nothing more disgraces conversation. The Detractor, as he is the lowest moral character, reflects greater dishonour upon his company, than the hangman; and he whose disposition is a scandal to his species, should be more diligently avoided, than he who is scandalous only by his offence.

But for this practice, however vile, some have dared to apologize, by contending, the report, by which they injured an absent character, was true;

true : this, however, amounts to no more than that they have not complicated malice with falsehood, and that there is some difference between detraction and slander. To relate all the ill that is true of the best man in the world, would probably render him the object of suspicion and distrust ; and was this practice universal, mutual confidence and esteem, the comforts of society, and the endearments of friendship, would be at an end.

There is something unspeakably more hateful in those species of villainy by which the law is evaded, than those by which it is violated and defiled. Courage has sometimes preserved rapacity from abhorrence, as beauty has been thought to apologize for prostitution ; but the injustice of cowardice is universally abhorred, and, like the lewdness of deformity, has no advocate. Thus hateful are the wretches who detract with caution, and while they perpetrate the wrong, are solicitous to avoid the reproach. They do not say, that Chloe forfeited her honour to Lysander ; but they say, that such a report has been spread, they know not how true. Those who propagate these reports, frequently invent them ; and it is no breach of charity to suppose this to be always the case ; because no man who spreads detraction would have scrupled to produce it : and he who should diffuse poison in a brook, would scarce be acquitted of a malicious design, though he should alledge, that he received it of another who is doing the same elsewhere.

Whatever is incompatible with the highest dignity of our nature, should indeed be excluded from our conversation : as companions, not only
that

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that which we owe to ourselves but to others, is required of us; and they who can indulge any vice in the presence of each other, are become obdurate in guilt, and insensible to infamy.

Rambler.



C H A P. V.

DISSIMULATION.

SECT. I.

Inconsistent with the word of God.

TO treat an enemy with a fair deportment and amicable language, is not the love enjoined by Christ. Love is a thing that scorns to dwell any where but in the heart. The tongue is a thing made for words; but what reality is there in a voice? what substance in a sound? and words are no more. The kindness of the heart never kills, but that of the tongue often does; and in an ill sense, a soft answer may sometimes break the bones. He who speaks me well, proves himself a rhetorician or a courtier; but that is not to be a friend.

Was ever the hungry fed, or the naked clothed with good looks or fair speeches? These are but thin garments to keep out the cold, and but a slender repast to conjure down the rage of a craving appetite. My enemy
perhaps

perhaps is ready to starve or perish through poverty, and I tell him I am heartily glad to see him, and should be very ready to serve him; but still my hand is close, and my purse shut; I neither bring him to my table, nor lodge him under my roof; he asks for bread, and I give him a compliment; a thing indeed not so hard as a stone, but altogether as dry; I treat him with art and outside; and lastly, at parting with all the ceremonies of dearness, I shake him by the hand, but put nothing into it: in a word, I play with his distress, and dally with that which will not be dallied with, want and misery, and a clamorous necessity.

For will fair words and courtly behaviour pay debts and discharge scores? If they could, there is a sort of men that would not be so much in debt as they are. Can a man look and speak himself out of his creditors hands? Surely then, if my words cannot do this for myself, neither can they do it for my enemy; and therefore this has nothing of the love spoken of in the text. It is but a farce and a meer mockery; for the receiving it cannot make my enemy at all the richer, and the giving of it makes me not one penny the poorer. It is indeed the fashion of the world thus to amuse men with empty caresses, and to feast them with words and airs, looks and legs; nay, it has this peculiar privilege above all other fashions, that it never alters: but certainly no man ever yet quenched his thirst with looking upon a golden cup, nor made a meal with the outside of a lordly dish.

But we are not to rest here; fair speeches and looks are not only very insignificant, as to
real

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real effects of love, but are for the most part the instruments of hatred in the execution of the greatest mischiefs. Few men are to be ruined till they are made confident of the contrary: and this cannot be done by threats and roughness, and owning the mischief that a man designs; but a pit-fall must be covered to invite the man to venture over it. All things must be sweetened with professions of love, friendly looks and embraces; for it is oyl that whets the razor, and the smoothest edge is still the sharpest: they are the complacencies of an enemy that kill, the closest hugs that stifle, and love must be pretended before malice can be effectually practised. In a word, he must get into his heart with fair speeches and promises, before he can come at it with his dagger: for surely no man fishes with a bare hook, or thinks that the net itself can be any enticement to the bird.

South's Sermons.

SECT. II.

To be feared.

HE who would take a cleanly, unsuspected way to ruin his adversary, must pave the way to his destruction with some courtesies of a lighter sort, the sense of which shall take him off from his guard, his wariness, and suspicion, and so lay him open to such a blow, as shall destroy him at once. The skilful rider strokes and pleases the unruly horse, only that he may come so near him, as to get the bit into his mouth, and then he rides, and rules, and domineers

mineers over him at his pleasure. So he who hates his enemy with a cunning equal to his malice, will not strain to do this, or that good turn for him, so long as it does not thwart, but rather promote the main design of his utter subversion. For all this is but like the helping a man over the stile, who is going to be hanged, which surely is no very great or difficult piece of civility.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, we read of one whom the Grandees of the Court procured to be made Secretary of State, only to break his back in the business of the Queen of Scots, whose death they were then projecting. Like true courtiers, they first engage him in that fatal scene, and then desert him in it, using him only as a tool to do a present state job, and then to be reproach'd and ruin'd for what he had done. And a little observation of the world may shew us, there is not only a course of beheading or hanging, but also of preferring men out of the way. But this is not to love an enemy, but to hate him more artificially. He is ruined more speciously indeed, but not less efficaciously than if he been laid fast in a dungeon, or banished his country, or by a packed jury dispatched into another world.

South's Sermons.

C H A P. VI.

D I S C O U R S E.

Should be adapted to the capacity of company.

THE name of a Pedant is so formidable to young men when they first fall from their colleges, and is so liberally scattered by those who mean to boast their elegance of education, easiness of manners, and knowledge of the world, that it seems to require particular consideration ; since perhaps, if it were once understood, many a heart might be freed from painful apprehensions, and many a tongue delivered from restraint.

Pedantry is the unseasonable ostentation of learning. It may be discovered either in the choice of a subject, or in the manner of treating it. He is undoubtedly guilty of pedantry, who, when he has made himself master of some abstruse and uncultivated part of knowledge, obtrudes his remarks and discoveries upon those whom he believes unable to judge of his proficiency, and from whom, as he cannot fear contradiction, he cannot properly expect applause.

To this error the student is sometimes betrayed, by the natural recurrence of the mind to its common employment ; by the pleasure which every man receives from the recollection of pleasing images, and the desire of dwelling upon topics, on which he knows himself able to speak with justness. But because we are
feldom

seldom so far prejudiced in favour of each other as to search out for palliations of failings, this deviation from politeness is imputed always to vanity; and the harmless collegian, who, perhaps, intended entertainment and instruction, or at worst only spoke without sufficient reflection upon the character of his hearers, is commonly censured as arrogant or overbearing, and eager to extend the reputation of his own accomplishments, in contempt of the convenience of society, and the laws of conversation.

All discourse of which others cannot partake, is not only an irksome usurpation of the time devoted to pleasure and entertainment, but what never fails to excite very keen resentment, an insolent assertion of superiority, and a triumph over less enlightened understandings. The Pedant is, therefore, not only heard with weariness, but malignity; and those who conceive themselves insulted by his knowledge, never fail to tell with acrimony how injudiciously it was exerted.

To avoid this dangerous imputation, and to recommend themselves more effectually to the gay world, scholars sometimes divest themselves with too much haste of their academical formality; and in their endeavours to accommodate their notions and their style to common conceptions, talk rather of any thing than of that which they understand, and sink into insipidity of sentiment and meanness of expression.

There prevails among men of letters an opinion, that all appearance of science is particularly hateful to women; and that therefore whoever desires to be well received in female assemblies, must qualify himself by a total rejection

tion of all that is serious, rational, or important; must consider argument, or criticism, as perpetually interdicted, and devote all his attention to trifles, and all his eloquence to compliment.

Students often form their notions of the present generation from the writings of the past, and are not very early informed of those changes which the gradual diffusion of knowledge, or the sudden caprice of fashion, produces in the world. Whatever might be the state of female literature in the last century, there is now no longer any danger lest the scholar should want an adequate audience at the tea-table; and whoever thinks it necessary to regulate his conversation by antiquated rules, will be rather despised for his futility, than caressed for his politeness.

To talk intentionally in a manner above the comprehension of those whom we address, is unquestionably pedantry; but surely complaisance requires, that no man should, without proof, conclude his company incapable of following him to the highest elevation of his fancy, or the utmost extent of his knowledge. It is always safer to err in favour of others than of ourselves, and therefore we seldom hazard much by endeavouring to excel.

Rambler.

C H A P. VII.

D I S C O N T E N T.

The common lot of all mankind.

SUCH is the emptiness of human enjoyment, that we are always impatient of the present. Attainment is followed by neglect, and possession by disgust; and the malicious remark of the Greek epigrammatist on marriage, may be applied to every other course of life, that its two days of happiness are the first and the last.

Few moments are more pleasing than those in which the mind is concerting measures for a new undertaking. From the first hint that wakens the fancy to the hour of actual execution, all is improvement and progress, triumph and felicity. Every hour brings additions to the original scheme, suggests some new expedient to secure success, or discovers consequential advantages not hitherto foreseen. While preparations are made and materials accumulated, day glides after day through elysian prospects, and the heart dances to the song of hope.

Such is the pleasure of projecting, that many content themselves with a succession of visionary schemes, and wear out their allotted time in the calm amusement of contriving what they never attempt or hope to execute.

Others, not able to feast their imagination

with pure ideas, advance somewhat nearer to the grossness of action, with great diligence collect whatever is requisite to their design, and, after a thousand researches and consultations, are snatched away by death, as they stand *in procinctu* waiting for a proper opportunity to begin.

If there were no other end of life, than to find some adequate solace for every day, I know not whether any condition could be preferred to that of the man who involves himself in his own thoughts, and never suffers experience to show him the vanity of speculation; for no sooner are notions reduced to practice, than tranquility and confidence forsake the breast; every day brings its task, and often without bringing abilities to perform it: difficulties embarrass, uncertainty perplexes, opposition retards, censure exasperates, or neglect depresses. We proceed, because we have begun; we complete our design, that the labour already spent may not be vain: but as expectation gradually dies away, the gay smile of alacrity disappears, we are necessitated to implore severer powers, and trust the event to patience and constancy.

When once our labour has begun, the comfort that enables us to endure it is the prospect of its end; for though in every long work there are some joyous intervals of self applause, when the attention is recreated by unexpected facility, and the imagination soothed by incidental excellencies not comprised in the first plan, yet the toil with which performance struggles after idea, is so irksome and disgusting, and so frequent is the necessity of resting below that perfection which we imagined within our reach, that seldom

dom any man obtains more from his endeavours than a painful conviction of his defects, and a continual refuscitation of desires which he feels himself unable to gratify.

So certainly is weariness and vexation the concomitant of our undertakings, that every man, in whatever he is engaged, consoles himself with the hope of change. He that has made his way by assiduity and vigilance to public employment, talks among his friends of nothing but the delight of retirement: he whom the necessity of solitary application secludes from the world, listens with a beating heart to its distant noises, longs to mingle with living beings, and resolves, when he can regulate his hours by his own choice, to take his fill of merriment and diversions, or to display his abilities on the universal theatre, and enjoy the pleasure of distinction and applause.

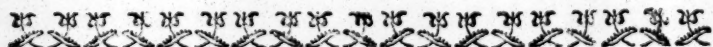
Every desire, however innocent or natural, grows dangerous, as by long indulgence it becomes ascendant in the mind. When we have been much accustomed to consider any thing as capable of giving happiness, it is not easy to restrain our ardour, or to forbear some precipitation in our advances and irregularity in our pursuits. He that has long cultivated the tree, watched the swelling bud, and opening blossom, and pleased himself with computing how much every sun and shower added to its growth, scarcely stays till the fruit has obtained its maturity, but defeats his own cares by eagerness to reward them. When we have diligently laboured for any purpose, we are willing to believe that we have attained it, and, because we have

28 OF DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENTS.

already done much, too suddenly conclude that no more is to be done.

All attraction is encreased by the approach of the attracting body. We never find ourselves so desirous to finish, as in the latter part of our work, or so impatient of delay, as when we know that delay cannot be long. Part of this unseasonable importunity of discontent may be justly imputed to languor and weariness, which must always oppress us more as our toil has been longer continued; but the greater part usually proceeds from frequent contemplation of that ease which we now consider as near and certain, and which, when it has once flattered our hopes, we cannot suffer to be longer withheld.

Rambler.



C H A P. VIII.

OF DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENTS.

A FEW years ago an ingenious player (Mr. Macklin) gave notice in the bills for his benefit night, that the Prologue should be spoken by the Pit, which he contrived to have represented on the stage. Another time he drew in the whole house to act as chorus to a new farce; and I remember, that in the last rebellion the loyal acclamations of "God save the King" might have been heard from Drury-Lane to Charing-Cross. Upon these and many other occasions the audience have been known to enter into the
immediate

immediate business of the Drama; and, to say the truth, I never go into the theatre, without looking on the spectators as playing a part almost as much as the actors themselves. All the company from the stage box to the upper gallery know their cues very well, and perform their parts with great spirit.

The first part of an audience that demands our attention, is so nearly allied to the actors, that they always appear on the same level with them; but while the performer endeavours to carry on the business of the play, these gentlemen behind the scenes serve only to hinder and disturb it. There is no part of the house, from which a play can be seen to so little advantage as from the stage; yet this situation is very convenient on many other considerations, and of more consequence to a fine gentleman. It looks particular; it is the best place to shew a handsome person, or an elegant suit of cloaths; a bow from the stage to a beauty in the box is most likely to attract our notice; and a pretty fellow may perhaps with tolerable management get credit of an intrigue with some of the actresses. But notwithstanding all these advantages accruing to our fine gentlemen, I could heartily wish they would leave a clear stage to the performers, or at least that none should be admitted behind the scenes, but such as would submit to be of some use there. As these gentlemen are ready dress'd, they might help to swell the retinue of a monarch, join the engagement in a tragedy battle, or do any other little office that might occur in the play, which requires but little sense and no memory. But if they have not any genius for acting, and are still desirous of retaining

30 OF DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENTS.

their posts by the side scenes, they should be obliged to take a musket, bayonet, pouch, and the rest of the accoutrements, and stand on guard quietly and decently with the soldiers.

The boxes are often filled with persons, who do not come to the theatre out of any regard to Shakespeare or Garrick, but, like the fine Lady in *Lethe*, “because every body is there.” As these people cannot be expected to mind the play themselves, we only desire them not to call off the attention of others, nor interrupt the dialogue on the stage by a louder conversation of their own. The silent courtship of the eyes, ogles, nods, glances, and curtsies from one box to another, may be allowed them the same as at church; but nothing more, except at coronations, funeral processions, and pantomimes. Here I cannot help recommending it to the gentlemen who draw the pen from under their right ears about seven o’clock, clap on a bag-wig and sword, and drop into the boxes at the end of the third act, to take their half-crown’s worth with as much decency as possible; as well as the bloods, who reel from the taverns into the boxes. Before I quit this part of the house, I must take notice of that division of the upper boxes, properly distinguished by the name of the *Flesh-Market*. There is frequently as much art used to make the flesh exhibited here look wholesome, and (as Tim says in the farce) “All over red and white like the inside of a shoulder of mutton,” as there is by the butchers to make their veal look white; and it is as often rank carrion and fly-blown. If these ladies would appear in any other quarter of the house, I would only beg
of

of them, and those who come to market, to drive their bargains with as little noise as possible. But I have lately observed with some concern, that these women begin to appear in the lower boxes, to the destruction of all order, and great confusion of all modest ladies. It is to be hoped, that some of their friends will advise them not to pretend to appear there any more than at court; for it is as absurd to endeavour the removal of their market into the front and side-boxes, as it would be in the butchers of St James's-market to attempt fixing the shambles in St. James's-square.

I must now desire the reader to descend with me, among laced hats and capuchins, into the Pit. The pit is the grand court of criticism; and in the center of it is collected that awful body, distinguished by the title of *The Town*. Hence are issued the irrevocable decrees; and here final sentence is pronounced on plays and players. This court has often been very severe in its decisions, and has been known to declare many old plays barbarously murdered, and most of our modern ones *felo de se*: but it must not be dissembled, that many a cause of great consequence has been denied a fair hearing. Parties and private cabals have often been formed to thwart the progress of merit, or to espouse ignorance and dulness: for it is not wonderful, that the parliament of criticism, like all others, should be liable to corruption.

Those, who pay their two shillings at the door of the Middle Gallery, seem to frequent the theatre purely for the sake of seeing the play: Though these peaceful regions are sometimes disturbed by the incursions of rattling la-

dies of pleasure, sometimes contain persons of fashion in disguise, and sometimes critics in ambush. The greatest fault I have to object to those who fill this quarter of the theatre, is their frequent and injudicious interruption of the business of the play by their applause. I have seen a bad actor clapt two minutes together for ranting, or perhaps shrugging his shoulders, and making wry faces ; and I have seen the natural course of the passions checked in a good one, by these ill-judged testimonies of their approbation. It is recorded of *Betterton* to his honour, that he thought a deep silence through the whole house, and a strict attention to his playing, the strongest and surest signs of his being well received.

The inhabitants of the Upper-Gallery demand our notice as well as the rest of the theatre. The trunk-maker of immortal memory was the most celebrated hero of these regions : but since he is departed, and no able-bodied critic appointed in his room, I cannot help giving the same caution to the Upper-Gallery, as to the gentry a pair of stairs lower. Some of the under comedians will perhaps be displeased at this order, who are proud of these applauses, and rejoice to hear the lusty bangs from the oaken towels of their friends against the wainscot of the Upper-Gallery : but I think they should not be allowed to shatter the pannels without amending our taste ; since their thwacks, however vehement, are seldom laid on with sufficient judgment to ratify our applause. It were better, therefore, if all the present twelve-penny critics of this town, who preside over our diversions

versions in the Upper-Gallery, would content themselves with the inferior duties of their office ; viz. to take care that the play begins at the proper time, that the music between the acts is of a due length, and that the candles are snuffed in tune.

After these brief admonitions concerning our behaviour at the play, which are intended as a kind of *Vade mecum* for the frequenters of the theatre, I cannot conclude more properly than with an extract from the *Tale of a Tub*, shewing the judicious distribution of our playhouses into Pit, Boxes, and Galleries.

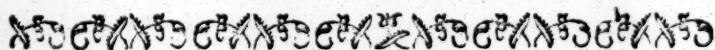
“ I confess, that there is something very refined in the contrivance and structure of our modern theatre. For, first ; the Pit is sunk below the stage, that whatever *weighty* matter shall be delivered thence, (whether it be *lead* or *gold*) may fall plum into the jaws of certain *critics*, (as I think they are called) which stand ready opened to devour them. Then, the Boxes are built round, and raised to a level with the scene, in deference to the ladies ; because that large portion of wit, laid out in raising pruriences and protuberances, is observed to run much upon a line, and ever in a circle. The whining passions, and little starved conceits, are gently wafted up by their own extreme levity, to the middle region, and there fix and are frozen by the frigid understandings of the inhabitants. Bombastry and buffoonry, by nature lofty and light, soar highest of all, and would be lost in the roof, if the prudent architect had not with much foresight contrived for them a fourth place, called the *Twelve Penny*

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Gallery,

Gallery, and there planted a suitable colony, who greedily intercept them in their passage."

Connoisseur.



C H A P. IX.

D R E S S.

Modesty in requisite in women, as a powerful attractive to honourable love.

I MUST not forget to add, that modesty in dress is a powerful attractive to honourable love. The male heart is a study, in which your sex are supposed to be a good deal conversant. Yet in this study, you must give me leave to say, many of them seem to me but indifferent proficient. To gain men's affections, women in general are naturally desirous. They need not deny, they cannot conceal it. The sexes were made for each other. We wish for a place in your hearts: why should not you wish for one in ours? But how much are you deceived, my fair friends, if you dream of taking that fort by storm! When you show a sweet solicitude to please by every decent, gentle, unaffected attraction, we are soothed, we are subdued, we yield ourselves your willing captives. But if at any time by a forward appearance you betray a confidence in your charms, and by throwing

ing them out upon us all at once you seem resolved, as it were, to force our admiration; that moment we are on our guard, and your assaults are vain, provided at least we have any spirit or sentiment. In reality, they who have very little of either, I might have said they who have none, even the silliest, even the loosest men shall in a sober mood be taken with the bashful air, and reserved dress, of an amiable young woman, infinitely more than they ever were with all the open blaze of laboured beauty, and arrogant claims of undisguised allurements; the human heart, in its better sensations, being still formed to the love of virtue.

Let me add, that the human imagination hates to be confined. We are never highly delighted, where something is not left us to fancy. This last observation holds true throughout all nature, and all art. But when I speak of these, I must subjoin, that art being agreeable no farther than as it is conformed to nature, the one will not be wanted in the case before us, if the other be allowed its full influence. What I mean is this; that supposing a young lady to be deeply possessed with a regard for "whatsoever things are pure, venerable, and of a good report," it will lead to decorum spontaneously, and flow with unstudied propriety through every part of her attire and demeanour. Let it be likewise added, that simplicity, the inseparable companion both of genuine grace, and of real modesty, if it do not always strike at first (of which it seldom fails) is sure however, when it does strike, to produce the deepest and most permanent impressions.

Fordyce's Sermons to Young Women.

B O O K V.

C H A P. I.

E D U C A T I O N.

S E C T. I.

Neglected by our Gentlemen of the Army.

LEARNING, as it polishes the mind, enlarges our ideas, and gives an ingenuous turn to our whole conversation and behaviour, has ever been esteemed a liberal accomplishment; and is indeed the principal characteristic that distinguishes the gentleman from the mechanic.

This axiom being universally allowed, I have often observed with wonder the neglect of learning that prevails among the Gentlemen of the Army; who, notwithstanding their shameful deficiency in this main requisite, are generally proposed as the most exact models of good behaviour, and standards of politeness.

If we look into the lives of the greatest generals of antiquity, we shall find them no mean proficient in science. They led their armies to victory by their courage, and supported the state by their counsels. They revered the same Pallas, as the goddess of war and of wisdom; and the Spartans in particular, before they entered

ed on an engagement, always sacrificed to the Muses. The exhortations given by commanders before the onset, are some of the most animated pieces of Oratory in all antiquity, and frequently produced astonishing effects, rousing the soldiers from despair, and hurrying them on to victory. An illiterate commander would have been the contempt of Greece and Rome. Tully indeed was called the *learned* consul in derision; but then, as Dryden observes, "His head was turned another way." When he read tactics, he was thinking on the bar, which was his field of battle. I am particularly pleased with the character of Scipio Æmilianus as drawn by Vel-leius Paterculus, and would recommend it to the serious imitation of our modern Officers. He was so great an admirer of liberal studies, that he always retained the most eminent wits in his camp: nor did any one fill up the intervals of business with more elegance, retiring from war only to cultivate the arts of peace; always employed in arms or study, always exercising his body with perils, or disciplining his mind with science. The author contrasts this amiable portrait with a description of Mummius; a general so little versed in the polite arts, that having taken at Corinth several pictures and statues of the greatest artists, he threatened the persons who were entrusted with the carriage of them to Italy, "that if they lost those, they should give new ones."

I would fain have a British officer looked upon with as much respect as those of Greece and Rome: but while they neglect the acquisition of the same accomplishments, this can never be the case. Instead of cultivating their
minds

minds, they are wholly taken up in adorning their bodies, and look upon gallantry and intrigue as essential parts of their character. To glitter in the boxes or at an assembly, is the full display of their politeness, and to be the life and soul of a lewd brawl, almost the only exertion of their courage; insomuch that there is a good deal of justice in Macheath's raillery, when he says, "If it was not for us, and the other gentlemen of the sword, Drury-lane would be uninhabited." It is something strange, that officers should want any inducement to acquire so gentleman-like an accomplishment as learning. If they imagine it would derogate from their good breeding, or call off their attention from military business, they are mistaken. Pedantry is no more connected with learning, than rashness with courage. Cæsar, who was the finest gentleman and the greatest general, was also the best scholar of his age.

To say the truth, learning wears a more amiable aspect and winning air in courts and camps, whenever it appears there, than amidst the gloom of colleges and cloisters. Mixing in genteel life files off the rust that may have been contracted by study, and wears out any little oddness or peculiarity that may be acquired in the closet. For this reason the officer is more inexcusable, who neglects an accomplishment, that would sit so gracefully upon him: for this reason too, we pay so great deference to those few, who have enriched their minds with the treasures of antiquity. An illiterate officer either hardens into a bravo, or refines into a fop. The insipidity of the fop is utterly contemptible; and a rough brutal courage, unpolished by
science

science and unassisted by reason, has no more claim to heroism, than the case-hardened valour of a bruiser or prize-fighter. Agreeably to this notion, Homer in the fifth Iliad, represents the goddess Minerva as wounding Mars, and driving the heavy deity off the field of battle ; implying allegorically, that wisdom is capable of subduing courage. *Connoisseur.*

S E C T. II.

The effects of a virtuous and dissipated education contrasted.

IMAGINE two young ladies, of whom one delights in elegant and virtuous studies, the other in fashionable idleness. Will you say, that the former is equally in danger with the latter of descending to vulgar, or to vicious pleasures ? As familiarity with persons of refined manners may be expected to communicate a corresponding refinement ; is it not probable, that intimacy with the most beautiful compositions will, in the same way, impart a beauty to the soul ? And is there not ground to believe, that this will make her who is possessed of it, ashamed to allow herself in any thing unhandsome ; even as it is reasonable to suppose, that she who has been genteelly bred, will disdain the thought of a low behaviour ? Or, because the natural tendency of things is sometimes crossed, will ye say that it is therefore destroyed ? Have ye not heard, that a rule is not overthrown, but rather confirmed, by exceptions ? Young people, we know, are often corrupted by bad books ; and have we
not

not likewise known them improved by good ones? She must be depraved and sunk indeed, who from contemplating the majesty and happiness of virtue in the best examples, together with the meanness and misery of vice in the worst, that history or poetry holds up to view, can go away, and in her own deportment counteract immediately the feelings of love and admiration for the one, of contempt and abhorrence for the other, which objects of this kind must unavoidably awaken. She again, who should not perceive herself prompted to a prudent and amiable demeanour, or guarded against the contrary, by those pictures of discretion and excellence on one hand, of levity and worthlessness on the other, with which sentimental and moral writers abound, must be absolutely void of decency, or of reflection. To instance but in one subject more; she must be wholly given up to trifles that can pursue them with the same fondness, after having her imagination raised, and all her faculties expanded, by those wonderful representations of the works of God, which are contained in many books of Philosophy and Geography, Voyages and Travels.

But now represent to yourselves a young lady, whose understanding is utterly uncultivated. What is there to correct her passions, or to govern her practice? What is there to direct her in her choice of companions, and diversions; to guard her against the follies of her own sex, and the arts of ours; in short, to prevent her falling into any or every snare, that is, or may be laid for her? Suppose her to have received from nature the seeds of common sense.

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Do these require no attention to raise them? or is this most useful plant to be reared without the aid of experience? But where, or how, is that to be obtained by a girl? Must she discover the wiles and wickedness of libertines by conversing with them? Must she learn how to defend against danger by having run into it; or how to avoid the blandishments of pleasure by having felt its bitterness? By men the knowledge of the world is commonly gathered in it. Very different from the situation of women is theirs in this respect; and they, it is to be apprehended, often purchase a little wisdom at a great expence. By entering into any company that tempts, engaging in any friendship that offers, or accepting of almost any creature that happens to court them, it is but too well known what mischiefs a number of young gentlemen incur. A female that acts upon the same plan is lost; and she who would effectually escape dishonour and remorse, reproach and ridicule, must endeavour to know the world from books, to collect experience from those who have bought it, and to shun misconduct herself by observing the calamities it has occasioned to others.

Fordyce's Sermons to Young Women.

C H A P. II.

E L O Q U E N C E.

S E C T. I.

Its nature.

ELOQUENCE is no other than a species of poetry, applied to the particular end of persuasion. For persuasion can only be effected by rousing the passions of the soul; and these are only to be moved by a force impressed on the imagination, assuming the appearance of truth, which is the essential nature of poetical compositions. Thus the Lord Verulam: "In all persuasions that are wrought by eloquence, and other impressions of a like nature, which paint and disguise the true appearance of things, the chief recommendation unto reason is from imagination." And the judicious Strabo, consistently with this theory, tells us that, in fact, the oratorical elocution was but an imitation of the poetical. This appeared first, and was approved: they who imitated, took off the measures, but still preserved all the other parts of poetry in their writings. Such were Cadmus the Milesian, Pherecydes and Hecataeus. Their followers then took something more from what was left, and at length elocution descended into the prose which is now among us.

Thus as the passions must have an apparent object of good or evil offered by the imagination

tion in order to excite them ; so eloquence must offer apparent evidence ere it can be received and acquiesced in ; for the mind cannot embrace known falshood : so that every opinion which eloquence instills, should be the pure result of rational conviction, and received by the mind as truth.

Browne's Essays.

S E C T. II.

Its divisions.

AS Eloquence is of a vague unsteady nature, merely relative to the imaginations and passions of mankind ; so there must be several orders or degrees of it, subordinate to each other in dignity, yet each perfect in their kind. The common end of each is persuasion : the means are different, according to the various capacities, fancies, and affections of those whom the artist attempts to persuade. The pathetic Orator, who throws a congregation of Enthusiasts into tears and groanings, would raise affections of a very different nature, should he attempt to proselyte an English Parliament. As, on the other hand, the finest speaker that ever commanded the House, would in vain point the thunder of his eloquence on a Quaker-meeting. So again with regard to the Oratory (it may be called so) of the bar, at a Country Assize (for the higher courts of justice admit not eloquence) it is easy to observe, what a different turn the learned counsel takes, in addressing himself to the Judge or Jury. He is well aware, that what passes with the one for argument of proof, would

would be derided by the other as paste-board declamation. This difference in the kind, with respect to the eloquence of the pulpit, is no less remarkable in different countries. Thus the very agreeable and sensible Voltaire observes, that in France (where reasoning hath little connexion with religion) a sermon is a long declamation, spoken with rapture and enthusiasm. That in Italy (where taste and vertú give a tincture to superstition itself) a sermon is a kind of devotional comedy. That in England (where religion submits to reason) it is a solid dissertation, sometimes a dry one, which is read to the congregation without action or elocution. And he justly concludes, that the discourse which raiseth a French audience to the highest pitch of devotion, would throw an English one into a fit of laughter.

Browne's Essays.

S E C T. III.

Its excellence.

IN ancient times, no work of genius was thought to require so great parts and capacity, as the speaking in public; and some eminent writers have pronounced the talents even of a great poet or philosopher, to be of an inferior nature to those requisite for such an undertaking. Greece and Rome produced, each of them, but one accomplished Orator; and whatever praises the other celebrated speakers might merit, they were still esteemed much inferior to these great models of eloquence. 'Tis observed,

served, that the ancient critics could scarce find two Orators, in any age, who deserved to be placed precisely in the same rank, and possessed the same degree of merit. Calvus, Cælius, Curio, Hortensius, Cæsar, rose one above another; but the greatest of that age was inferior to Cicero, the most eloquent speaker who had ever appeared in Rome. Those of fine taste, however, pronounced this judgement of the Roman Orator, as well as of the Grecian, that both of them surpassed in eloquence all that had ever appeared; but that they were far from reaching the perfection of their art, which was infinite, and not only exceeded human force to attain, but human imagination to conceive. Cicero declares himself dissatisfied with his own performances; nay even with those of Demosthenes: *Ita sunt avidæ & capaces meæ aures, says he, & semper aliquid immensum, infinitumque desiderant.*

This single circumstance is sufficient to make us apprehend the wide difference betwixt ancient and modern eloquence, and let us see how much the latter is inferior to the former. Of all the polite and learned nations, Britain alone possesses a popular government, or admits into the legislature such numerous assemblies, as can be supposed to lie under the dominion of eloquence. But what has Britain to boast of in this particular? In enumerating all the great men who have done honour to our country, we exult in our poets and philosophers. But what Orators are ever mentioned? Or where are the monuments of their genius to be met with? There are found indeed, in our histories, the names of several
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who directed the resolutions of our parliament. But neither themselves nor others have taken the pains to preserve their speeches; and the authority which they possessed seems to have been more owing to their experience, wisdom, or power, than their talents for Oratory. At present there are above half a dozen Speakers in the two Houses, who, in the judgment of the Publick, have reached very near the same pitch of eloquence; and no man pretends to give any one the preference to the rest. This seems to me a certain proof, that none of them have attained much beyond a mediocrity in their art; and that the species of eloquence which they aspire to, gives no exercise to the sublimer faculties of the mind, but may be reached by ordinary talents and slight application. A hundred cabinet-makers in London can work a table or a chair equally well; but no one poet can write verses with such spirit and elegance as Mr. Pope. *Hume's Essays.*

S E C T. IV.

Why it does not flourish in England.

THERE are some circumstances, I confess, in the English temper and genius, which are disadvantageous to the progress of eloquence, and render all attempts of that kind more dangerous and difficult among them than among any other nation. The English are conspicuous for good-sense, which makes them very jealous of any attempts to deceive them by the flowers of rhetoric and elocution. They
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are also peculiarly modest, which makes them consider it as a piece of arrogance to offer any thing but reason to publick assemblies, or attempt to guide them by passion or fancy. I may perhaps be allowed to add, that the people in general are not remarkable for delicacy of taste, or for sensibility to the charms of the Muses. Their musical parts, to use the expression of a noble Author, are but indifferent. Hence their comic poets, to move them, must have recourse to obscenity; their tragic poets, to blood and slaughter: and hence their Orators being deprived of any such resource, have abandoned altogether the hopes of moving them, and have confined themselves to plain argument and reasoning.

These circumstances, joined to particular accidents, may, perhaps, have retarded the growth of eloquence in this kingdom; but will not be able to prevent its success, if ever it appears amongst us; and one may safely pronounce, that this is a field in which the most flourishing laurels may yet be gathered, if any youth of accomplished genius, thoroughly acquainted with all the polite arts, and not ignorant of publick business, should appear in parliament, and accustom our ears to an eloquence more commanding and pathetic. *Hume's Essays.*

C H A P. III.

E L E C T I O N.

S E C T. I.

Into Parliament carried by party, not merit.

I Am at present in ****, where the election is just coming on, and the whole town consequently in uproar. They have for several parliaments returned two members, who recommended themselves by constantly opposing the court: but there came down a few days ago a banker from London, who has offered himself a candidate, and is backed with the most powerful of all interests, money. Nothing has been since thought of but feasting and revelling; and both parties strive to outdo each other in the frequency and expence of their entertainments. This, indeed, is the general method made use of to gain the favour of electors, and manifest a zeal for the constitution. I have known a candidate depend more upon the strength of his liquor, than his arguments; and the merits of a treat has often recommended a member, who has had no merits of his own: for it is certain that people, however they may differ in other points, are unanimous in promoting the grand business of eating and drinking.

It is impossible to give a particular account of the various disorders occasioned by the contest in this town. The streets ring with the different

rent cry of each party ; and every hour produces a ballad, a set of queries, or a serious address to the worthy electors. I have seen the mayor with half the corporation roaring, hollowing, and reeling along the streets, and yet threatening to clap a poor fellow in the stocks for making a noise, only because he would not vote as they do. It is no wonder, that the strongest connexions should be broken, and the most intimate friends set at variance, through their difference of opinion. Not only the men, but their wives also are engaged in the same quarrel. Mr. Staunch the haberdasher used to smoke his pipe constantly in the same kitchen-corner every evening at the same alehouse with his neighbour Mr. Veer the chandler, while their ladies chattered together at the street-door. But now the husbands never speak to each other ; and consequently Mrs. Veer goes a quarter of a mile for her inkle and tape, rather than deal at Mr. Staunch's shop ; and Mrs. Staunch declares she would go without her tea, though she has always been used to it twice a day, rather than fetch her half-quartern from that turn-coat Veer's.

Wherever "politicks are introduced, religion is always drawn into the quarrel. The town I have been speaking of, is divided into two parties, who are distinguished by the appellation of Christians and Jews. The Jews, it seems, are those who are in the interest of a nobleman who gave his vote for passing the Jew bill, and are held in abomination by the Christians. The zeal of the latter is still further inflamed by the vicar, who every Sunday thunders out his anathemas, and preaches up the

50 E L E C T I O N.

pious doctrine of persecution. In this he is seconded by the clerk, who is careful to enforce the arguments from the pulpit, by selecting slaves proper for the occasion. *Connoisseur.*

S E C T. II.

A Lady's distresses by a parliamentary election.

Dear Lady Charlotte,

I HAVE been plagued, pestered, teized to death, and hurried out of my wits, ever since I have been in this odious country. O my dear, how I long to be in town again! Pope and the poets may talk what they will of their purling streams, shady groves, and flowery meads, but I had rather live all my days among the cheese-mongers-shops in Thames-street, than pass such another spring in this filthy country. Would you believe it? I have scarce touched a card since I have been here: and then there has been such ado with us about election matters, that I am ready to die with the vapours; such a rout with their hissing and hollowing, my head is ready to split into a thousand pieces. If my Sir John must be in parliament, why cannot he do as your lord does, and be content with a borough, where he might come in without all this trouble, and take his seat in the House, though he has never been within an hundred miles of the place.

Our house, my dear, has been a perfect inn, ever since we came down; and I have been obliged to trudge about as much as a fat land-lady. Our doors are open to every dirty fellow in the country, that is worth forty shillings a year.

year. All my best floors are spoiled by the hob-nails of farmers stumping about them; every room is a pig-stye, and the Chinese paper in the drawing-room stinks so abominably of punch and tobacco, that it would strike you down to come into it. If you knew what I have suffered, you would think I had the constitution of a washerwoman to go through it. We never sit down to table without a dozen or more of boisterous two-legged creatures, as rude as bears; and I have nothing to do but to heap up their plates, and to drink to each of their healths. What is worse than all, one of the beasts got tipsy, and nothing would serve him but he must kiss me, which I was forced to submit to for fear of losing his vote and interest. Would you think it, dear Charlotte?—Do not laugh at me.—I stood godmother in person to a huge lubberly boy at a country farmer's, and they almost poisoned me with their hodge-podge they called caudle, made of our ale and brown sugar. All this and more I have been obliged to comply with, that the country fellows might not say my Lady is proud and above them.

Besides, there is not a woman creature within twenty miles of the place, that is fit company for my house-keeper; and yet I must be intimate with them all. Lady B**** indeed is very near us; but though we are well acquainted in town, we must not be seen to speak to each other here, because her Lord is in the opposition. Poor Thomas got a sad drubbing at her house, when I innocently sent him at my first coming into the country with “How d’ye” to her ladyship. The greatest female ac-

quaintance I have here, are Mrs. Mayorefs, a taylor's wife, and Mrs. alderman Gascoigne, who fells pins and needles on one fide of the fhop, while her husband works at his peftle and mortar on the other.

These ordinary wretches are constant attendants on my tea-table; I am obliged to take them and their brats out an airing in my coach every evening; and am afterwards often doomed to fit down to whift and fwabbers, or one and thirty bone-ace for farthings. Mrs. Mayorefs is a very violent party-woman; and fhe has two pug-dogs, one of which fhe calls Sir John, and the other Colonel, in compliment you muft know to my husband and his brother candidate.

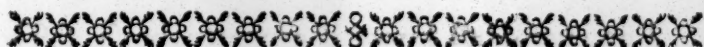
We had a ball the other day; and I opened it with Sir Humphrey Chafe, who danced in his boots, and hobbled along for all the world like the dancing bears, which I have feen in the ftreets at London. A terrible miftake happened about precedence, which I fear will lofe Sir John a good many votes: an attorney's wife was very angry, that her daughter, a little pert chit juft come from the boarding-fchool, was not called out to dance before Mifs Norton the brewer's daughter, when every body knew (fhe faid) that her girl was a gentlewoman bred and born.

I wifh, my dear, you were to fee my dressing-room; you would think it was a ribband-fhop. Lettice and I have been bufy all this week in making up knots and favours; and yefterday no milliner's prentice could work harder than I did in tying them on to the sweaty hats of country bumpkins. And is it not very hard upon me?
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I must not even dress as I please; but am obliged to wear blue, though you know it does not suit my complexion, and makes me look as horrid as the witches in Macbeth.

But what is worse than all, Sir John tells me the election expences have run so high, that he must shorten my allowance of pin-money. He talks of turning off half his servants; nay he has even hinted to me that I shall not come to town all the winter. Barbarous creature! but if he dares serve me so, he shall positively lose his election next time; I will raise such a spirit of opposition in all the wives and daughters in the county against him.

Connoisseur, N^o. 20.



C H A P. IV.

E N G L A N D.

S E C T. I.

The state of it.

THE House of Commons is the representative of the nation; nevertheless there are many great towns which send no deputies thither, and many hamlets uninhabited, that have a right of sending two. Several members have never seen their electors, and several are

electd by the paliament, who were rejectd by the people. All the electors swear not to sell their voices ; yet many of the candidates are undone by the expence of buying them. This whole affair is involved in deep mystery, and inexplicable difficulties.

Thou askest, if commerce be as flourishing as formerly ? Some whom I have consulted on that head, say, it is now in its meridian : and there is really an appearance of its being so ; for luxury is prodigiously encreased, and it is hard to imagine how it can be supported without an inexhaustible trade. But others pretend that this very luxury is a proof of its decline: and they add, that frauds and villanies in all the trading companies are so many inward poisons, which, if not speedily expelled, will destroy it entirely in a little time.

Thou wouldest know if property be so safely guarded as is generally believed. It is certain, that the whole power of a king of England cannot force one acre of land from the weakest of his subjects ; but a knavish attorney will take away his whole estate by those very laws which were designed for its security. Nay, if I am not misinformed, even those who are chosen by the people to be the great guardians of property, have sometimes taken more from them in one session of parliament, for the most useless expences, than the most absolute monarch could venture to raise upon the most urgent occasions.

Lord Lyttelton's Persian Letters.

S E C T. II.

Its true political interest.

WERE I a king of England, I would never receive an Ambassador with any solemnity, but in the cabin of a first-rate man of war. There is the true seat of his empire; and from that throne he might awe the whole world, if he understood how to exert his maritime power in its full strength, and was wise enough to aim at no other. But by an unaccountable mistake in their policy, many kings of England have seemed to forget that their dominions had the advantage of being an island: they have been as deeply engaged in the affairs of the continent, as the most exposed of the states there, and neglected the sea to give all their attention to expensive and ruinous undertakings at land. Nay, what is stranger still, they have been fond of acquisitions made upon the continent; not considering that all such acquisitions, instead of increasing their real strength, are only so many vulnerable parts, in which they are liable to be hurt by those enemies, who could not possibly hurt them in their natural state, as the sovereigns of a powerful island. Their case is the reverse of that express'd by the poets of Greece in the fable of Antæus. He was (say those poets) the son of the Earth; and as long as he fought upon her surface, even Hercules, the strongest of heroes, could not overcome him; but being drawn from thence he was easily vanquished. The English (in the same poetical stile) are the sons of the Sea; and would they adhere to their mother,

they are invincible; but if they can once be drawn out of that situation, their strength forsakes them, and they are not only in danger of being crushed by their enemies, but may be hugged to death even by their friends.

Persian Letters.



CH A P. V.

ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

Its sufficiency.

TH E riches of the English language are much greater than they are commonly supposed. Many useful and valuable books lie buried in shops and libraries, unknown and unexamined, unless some lucky compiler opens them by chance, and finds an easy spoil of wit and learning. I am far from intending to insinuate, that other languages are not necessary to him who aspires to eminence, and whose whole life is devoted to study; but to him who reads only for amusement, or whose purpose is not to deck himself with the honours of literature, but to be qualified for domestick usefulness, and sit down content with subordinate reputation, we have authors sufficient to fill up all the vacancies of his time, and gratify most of his wishes for information.

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Of our poets I need say little, because they are perhaps the only authors to whom their country has done justice. We consider the whole succession from Spenser to Pope, as superior to any names which the continent can boast, and therefore the poets of other nations, however familiarly they may be sometimes mentioned, are very little read except by those who design to borrow their beauties.

There is, I think, not one of the liberal arts which may not be competently learned in the English language. He that searches after mathematical knowledge may busy himself among his own countrymen, and will find one or other able to instruct him in every part of those abstruse sciences. He that is delighted with experiments, and wishes to know the nature of bodies from certain and visible effects, is happily placed where the mechanical philosophy was first established by a publick institution, and from which it was spread to all other countries.

The more airy and elegant studies of Philology and Criticism have little need of any foreign help. Tho' our language, not being very analogical, gives few opportunities for grammatical researches, yet we have not wanted authors who have considered the principles of speech; and with critical writings we abound sufficiently to enable pedantry to impose rules which can seldom be observed, and vanity to talk of books which are seldom read.

But our own language has from the reformation to the present time, been chiefly dignified and adorned by the works of our divines, who, considered as commentators, controvertists, or

preachers, have undoubtedly left all other nations far behind them. No vulgar language can boast such treasures of theological knowledge, or such multitudes of authors at once learned, elegant, and pious. Other countries and other communions have authors perhaps equal in abilities and diligence to ours ; but if we unite number with excellence, there is certainly no nation which must not allow us to be superiour. Of Morality little is necessary to be said, because it is comprehended in practical divinity, and is perhaps better taught in English sermons than in any other books ancient or modern. Nor shall I dwell on our excellence in metaphysical speculations, because he that reads the works of our divines will easily discover how far human subtilty has been able to penetrate.

Political knowledge is forced upon us by the form of our constitution, and all the mysteries of government are discovered in the attack or defence of every minister. The original law of society, the rights of subjects, and the prerogatives of kings have been considered with the utmost nicety, sometimes profoundly investigated, and sometimes familiarly explained.

Thus copiously instructive is the English language, and thus needless is all recourse to foreign writers. Let us not therefore make our neighbours proud by soliciting help which we do not want, nor discourage our own industry by difficulties which we need not suffer.

Idler, N^o. 91.

C H A P. VI.

ENGLISH SOLDIERS.

Their Bravery.

BY those who have compared the military genius of the English with that of the French nation, it is remarked, that “the French officers will always lead, if the soldiers will follow;” and that “the English soldiers will always follow, if their officers will lead.”

In all pointed sentences some degree of accuracy must be sacrificed to conciseness; and, in this comparison, our officers seem to lose what our soldiers gain. I know not any reason for supposing that the English officers are less willing than the French to lead; but it is, I think, universally allowed, that the English soldiers are more willing to follow. Our nation may boast, beyond any other people in the world, of a kind of epidemick bravery, diffused equally through all its ranks. We can shew a peasantry of heroes, and fill our armies with clowns, whose courage may vie with that of their general.

There may be some pleasure in tracing the causes of this plebeian magnanimity. The qualities which commonly make an army formidable, are long habits of regularity, great exactness of discipline, and great confidence in the commander. Regularity may, in time, pro-
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duce a kind of mechanical obedience to signals and commands, like that which the perverse Cartesians impute to animals: discipline may impress such an awe upon the mind, that any danger shall be less dreaded than the danger of punishment; and confidence in the wisdom or fortune of the general, may induce the soldiers to follow him blindly to the most dangerous enterprise.

What may be done by discipline and regularity, may be seen in the troops of the Russian Empress, and Prussian Monarch. We find that they may be broken without confusion, and repulsed without flight.

But the English troops have none of these requisites, in any eminent degree. Regularity is by no means part of their character: they are rarely exercised, and therefore shew very little dexterity in their evolutions as bodies of men, or in the manual use of their weapons as individuals: they neither are thought by others, nor by themselves, more active or exact than their enemies, and therefore derive none of their courage from such imaginary superiority.

The manner in which they are dispersed in quarters over the country, during times of peace, naturally produces laxity of discipline: they are very little in sight of their officers; and, when they are not engaged in the slight duty of the guard, are suffered to live every man his own way.

The equality of English privileges, the impartiality of our laws, the freedom of our tenures, and the prosperity of our trade, dispose us very little to reverence of superiours. It is
not

not to any great esteem of the officers that the English soldier is indebted for his spirit in the hour of battle; for perhaps it does not often happen that he thinks much better of his leader than of himself. The French Count, who has lately published the "Art of War," remarks how much soldiers are animated, when they see all their dangers shared by those who were born to be their masters, and whom they consider as beings of a different rank. The Englishman despises such motives of courage: he was born without a master; and looks not on any man, however dignified by lace or titles, as deriving from Nature any claims to his respect, or inheriting any qualities superior to his own.

There are some, perhaps, who would imagine that every Englishman fights better than the subjects of absolute governments, because he has more to defend. But what has the English more than the French soldier? Property they are both commonly without. Liberty is, to the lowest rank of every nation, little more than the choice of working or starving; and this choice is, I suppose, equally allowed in every country. The English soldier seldom has his head very full of the constitution; nor has there been, for more than a century, any war that put the property or liberty of a single Englishman in danger.

Whence then is the courage of the English vulgar? It proceeds, in my opinion, from that dissolution of dependance which obliges every man to regard his own character. While every man is fed by his own hands, he has no need of any servile arts: he may always have wages for his labour; and is no less necessary to his employer,
than

than his employer is to him. While he looks for no protection from others, he is naturally roused to be his own protector; and having nothing to abate his esteem of himself, he consequently aspires to the esteem of others. Thus every man that crowds our streets is a man of honour, disdainful of obligation, impatient of reproach, and desirous of extending his reputation among those of his own rank; and as courage is in most frequent use, the fame of courage is most eagerly pursued. From this neglect of subordination I do not deny that some inconveniences may from time to time proceed: the power of the law does not always sufficiently supply the want of reverence, or maintain the proper distinction between different ranks; but good and evil will grow up in this world together; and they who complain, in peace, of the insolence of the populace, must remember, that their insolence in peace is bravery in war.

Dr. S. Johnson.



C H A P. VII.

E N T H U S I A S M.

THOUGH I rejoice in the hope of seeing enthusiasm expelled from her religious dominions, let me intreat you to leave her in the undisturbed enjoyment of her civil possessions. To own the truth, I look upon enthusiasm in
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all other points but that of religion, to be a very necessary turn of mind; as indeed it is a vein which nature seems to have marked with more or less strength in the tempers of most men. No matter what the object is, whether business, pleasures, or the fine arts; whoever pursues them to any purpose must do so *con amore*: and innamoratos, you know, of every kind, are all enthusiasts. There is indeed a certain heightening faculty which universally prevails thro' our species; and we are all of us, perhaps, in our several favourite pursuits, pretty much in the circumstances of the renowned knight of La Mancha, when he attacked the barber's brazen basin, for Mambrino's golden helmet.

What is Tully's *aliquid immensum infinitumque*, which he professes to aspire after in oratory, but a piece of true rhetorical Quixotism? Yet never, I will venture to affirm, would he have glowed with so much eloquence, had he been warmed with less enthusiasm. I am persuaded indeed, that nothing great or glorious was ever performed, where this quality had not a principal concern; and as our passions add vigor to our actions, enthusiasm gives spirit to our passions. I might add too, that it even opens and enlarges our capacities. Accordingly I have been informed, that one of the great lights of the present age never sits down to study, till he has raised his imagination by the power of music. For this purpose he has a band of instruments placed near his library, which play till he finds himself elevated to a proper height; upon which he gives a signal, and they instantly cease.

But those high conceits which are suggested by enthusiasm, contribute not only to the pleasure

64 E N T H U S I A S M.

sure and perfection of the fine arts, but to most other effects of our action and industry. To strike this spirit therefore out of the human constitution, to reduce things to their precise philosophical standard, would be to check some of the main wheels of society, and to fix half the world in an useless apathy. For if enthusiasm did not add an imaginary value to most of the objects of our pursuit; if fancy did not give them their brightest colors, they would generally, perhaps, wear an appearance too contemptible to excite desire :

Weary'd we should lie down in death,
 This cheat of life would take no more,
 If you thought fame an empty breath,
 I Phillis but a perjur'd whore. PRIOR.

In a word, this enthusiasm for which I am pleading, is a beneficent enchantress, who never exerts her magic but to our advantage, and only deals about her friendly spells in order to raise imaginary beauties, or to improve real ones. The worst that can be said of her is, that she is a kind deceiver and an obliging flatterer.

Fitzosborne's Letters.

C H A P. VIII.

E N V Y.

E N V Y is almost the only vice which is practicable at all times, and in every place; the only passion which can never lie quiet for want of irritation; its effects, therefore, are every where discoverable, and its attempts always to be dreaded.

It is impossible to mention a name, which any advantageous distinction has made eminent, but some latent animosity will burst out. The wealthy Trader, however he may abstract himself from publick affairs, will never want those who hint with Shylock, that ships are but boards, and that no man can properly be termed rich whose fortune is at the mercy of the winds. The Beauty adorned only with the unambitious graces of innocence and modesty, provokes, whenever she appears, a thousand murmurs of detraction and whispers of suspicion. The Genius, even when he endeavours only to entertain with pleasing images of nature, or instruct by uncontested principles of science, yet suffers persecution from innumerable criticks, whose acrimony is excited merely by the pain of seeing others pleased, of hearing applauses which another enjoys.

The frequency of envy makes it so familiar, that it escapes our notice; nor do we often reflect

reflect upon its turpitude or malignity, till we happen to feel its influence. When he that has given no provocation to malice, but by attempting to excel in some useful art, finds himself pursued by multitudes whom he never saw with implacability of personal resentment; when he perceives clamour and malice let loose upon him as a public enemy, and incited by every stratagem of defamation; when he hears the misfortunes of his family, or the follies of his youth exposed to the world; and every failure of conduct, or defect of nature aggravated and ridiculed; he then learns to abhor those artifices at which he only laughed before, and discovers how much the happiness of life would be advanced by the eradication of envy from the human heart.

Envy is, indeed, a stubborn weed of the mind, and seldom yields to the culture of philosophy. There are, however, considerations, which, if carefully implanted and diligently propagated, might in time overpower and repress it, since no one can nurse it for the sake of pleasure, as its effects are only shame, anguish, and perturbation.

It is, above all other vices, inconsistent with the character of a social being, because it sacrifices truth and kindness to very weak temptations. He that plunders a wealthy neighbour, gains as much as he takes away, and improves his own condition, in the same proportion as he impairs another's; but he that blasts a flourishing reputation, must be content with a small dividend of additional fame, so small as can afford very little consolation to balance the guilt by which it is obtained.

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I have hitherto avoided mentioning that dangerous and empirical morality, which cures one vice by means of another. But envy is so base and detestable, so vile in its original, and so pernicious in its effects, that the predominance of almost any other quality is to be desired. It is one of those lawless enemies of society, against which poisoned arrows may honestly be used. Let it therefore be constantly remembered, that whoever envies another, confesses his superiority, and let those be reformed by their pride, who have lost their virtue.

It is no slight aggravation of the injuries which envy incites, that they are committed against those who have given no intentional provocation; and that the sufferer is marked out for ruin, not because he has failed in any duty, but because he has dared to do more than was required.

Almost every other crime is practised by the help of some quality which might have produced esteem or love, if it had been well employed; but envy is a more unmixed and genuine evil; it pursues a hateful end by despicable means, and desires not so much its own happiness as another's misery. To avoid depravity like this, it is not necessary that any one should aspire to heroism or sanctity; but only, that he should resolve not to quit the rank which nature assigns, and wish to maintain the dignity of a human being.

Rambler.

C H A P. IX.

E P I C U R U S.

A review of his character.

I Believe you will find, my dear Hamilton, that Aristotle is still to be preferred to Epicurus. The former made some useful experiments and discoveries, and was engaged in a real pursuit of knowledge, although his manner is much perplexed. The latter was full of vanity and ambition. He was an impostor, and only aimed at deceiving. He seemed not to believe the principles which he has asserted. He committed the government of all things to chance. His natural philosophy is absurd. His moral philosophy wants its proper basis, the fear of God. Monsieur Bayle, one of his warmest advocates, is of this last opinion, where he says, "*On ne scauroit pas dire assez de bien de l'honnêteté de ses mœurs, ni assez de mal de ses opinions sur la religion.*" His general maxim, That happiness consisted in pleasure, was too much unguarded, and must lay a foundation of a most destructive practice : although from his temper and constitution, he made his life sufficiently pleasurable to himself, and agreeable to the rules of true philosophy. His fortune exempted him from care and solicitude ; his valetudinarian habit of body from intemperance. He passed the greatest part of his time in his garden,

garden, where he enjoyed all the elegant amusements of life. There he studied. There he taught his philosophy. This particular happy situation greatly contributed to that tranquility of mind, and indolence of body, which he made his chief ends. He had not, however, resolution sufficient to meet the gradual approaches of death, and wanted that constancy which Sir William Temple ascribes to him : for in his last moments, when he found that his condition was desperate, he took such large draughts of wine, that he was absolutely intoxicated and deprived of his senses ; so that he died more like a Bacchanal, than a philosopher.

Orrery's Life of Swift.



C H A P. X.

E X A M P L E.

S E C T. I.

Its prevalence.

IS it not Pliny, my lord, who says, that the gentlest, he should have added the most effectual, way of commanding is by example ? *Mitius jubetur exemplo.* The harshest orders are softened by example, and tyranny itself becomes persuasive. What pity it is that so few
princes

princes have learned this way of commanding ? But again ; the force of example is not confined to those alone that pass immediately under our sight : the examples that memory suggests have the same effect in their degree, and an habit of recalling them will soon produce the habit of imitating them. In the same epistle from whence I cited a passage just now, Seneca says, that Cleanthes had never become so perfect a copy of Zeno, if he had not passed his life with him ; that Plato, Aristotle, and the other philosophers of that school, profited more by the example than by the discourses of Socrates. (But here by the way Seneca mistook ; Socrates died two years according to some, and four years according to others, before the birth of Aristotle : and his mistake might come from the inaccuracy of those who collected for him ; as Erasmus observes, after Quintilian, in his judgment on Seneca.) But be this, which was scarce worth a parenthesis, as it will, he adds, that Metrodorus, Hermachus, and Polyxenus, men of great note, were formed by living under the same roof with Epicurus, not by frequenting his school. These are instances of the force of immediate example. But your lordship knows, citizens of Rome placed the images of their ancestors in the vestibules of their houses ; so that whenever they went in or out, these venerable bustoes met their eyes, and recalled the glorious actions of the dead, to fire the living, to excite them to imitate and even emulate their great forefathers. The success answered the design: The virtue of one generation was transfused by the magic of example, into several : and a spirit
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of heroism was maintained through many ages
of that common wealth. *Bolingbroke.*

S E C T. II.

Dangerous, when copied without judgment.

PETER of Medicis had involved himself in great difficulties, when those wars and calamities began which Lewis Sforza first drew on and entailed on Italy, by flattering the ambition of Charles the Eighth, in order to gratify his own, and calling the French into that country. Peter owed his distress to his folly in departing from the general tenor of conduct his father Laurence had held, and hoped to relieve himself, by imitating his father's example in one particular instance. At a time when the wars with the Pope and king of Naples had reduced Laurence to circumstances of great danger, he took the resolution of going to Ferdinand, and of treating in person with that prince. The resolution appears in history imprudent and almost desperate : were we informed of the secret reasons on which this great man acted, it would appear very possibly a wise and safe measure. It succeeded, and Laurence brought back with him publick peace and private security. When the French troops entered the dominions of Florence, Peter was struck with a panic terror, went to Charles the Eighth, put the port of Leghorn, the fortresses of Pisa, and all the keys of the country into this prince's hands ; whereby he disarmed the Florentine commonwealth, and ruined himself. He was deprived
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of his authority, and driven out of the city, by the just indignation of the magistrates and people ; and in the treaty which they made afterwards with the king of France, it was stipulated, that he should not remain within an hundred miles of the state, nor his brothers within the same distance of the city of Florence. On this occasion Guicciardin observes, how dangerous it is to govern ourselves by particular examples ; since to have the same success, we must have the same prudence, and the same fortune ; and since the example must not only answer the case before us in general, but in every minute circumstance. *Bolingbroke.*



C H A P. XI.

E X I L E.

S E C T. I.

Only an imaginary evil.

TO live deprived of one's country is intolerable. Is it so ? How comes it then to pass that such numbers of men live out of their countries by choice ? Observe how the streets of London and of Paris are crowded. Call over those millions by name, and ask them one by one, of what country they are : how many will you find, who from different parts of the earth come to inhabit these great cities, which afford

afford the largest opportunities and the largest encouragement to virtue and vice ? Some are drawn by ambition, and some are sent by duty ; many resort thither to improve their minds, and many to improve their fortunes ; others bring their beauty, and others their eloquence to market. Remove from hence, and go to the utmost extremities of the East or West : visit the barbarous nations of Africa, or the inhospitable regions of the North : you will find no climate so bad, no country so savage, as not to have some people who come from abroad, and inhabit those by choice.

Among numberless extravagances which pass through the minds of men, we may justly reckon for one that notion of a secret affection, independent of our reason, and superior to our reason, which we are supposed to have for our country ; as if there were some physical virtue in every spot of ground, which necessarily produced this effect in every one born upon it.

Amor patriæ ratione valentior omni.

This notion may have contributed to the security and grandeur of states. It has therefore been not unartfully cultivated, and the prejudice of education has been with care put on its side. Men have come in this case, as in many others, from believing that it ought to be so, to persuade others, and even to believe themselves that it is so.

Bolingbroke.

S E C T. II.

Cannot hurt a reflecting man.

WHATEVER is best is safest ; lies out of the reach of human power ; can neither be given nor taken away. Such is this great and beautiful work of nature, the world. Such is the mind of man, which contemplates and admires the world, whereof it makes the noblest part. These are inseparably ours, and as long as we remain in one, we shall enjoy the other. Let us march therefore intrepidly wherever we are led by the course of human accidents. Wherever they lead us, on what coast soever we are thrown by them, we shall not find ourselves absolutely strangers. We shall meet with men and women, creatures of the same figure, endowed with the same faculties, and born under the same laws of nature.

We shall see the same virtues and vices, flowing from the same principles, but varied in a thousand different and contrary modes, according to that infinite variety of laws and customs which is established for the same universal end, the preservation of society. We shall feel the same revolution of seasons, and the same sun and moon will guide the course of our year. The same azure vault, bespangled with stars, will be every where spread over our heads. There is no part of the world from whence we may not admire those planets which roll, like ours, in different orbits round the same central sun ; from whence we may not discover an object still more stupendous, that
army

army of fixed stars hung up in the immense space of the universe; innumerable suns, whose beams enlighten and cherish the unknown worlds which roll around them: and whilst I am ravished by such contemplations as these, whilst my soul is thus raised up to heaven, it imports me little what ground I tread upon.

Bolingbroke.



B O O K VI.

C H A P. I.

F A M E.

A commendable passion.

I CAN by no means agree with you in thinking, that the love of Fame is a passion, which either reason or religion condemn. I confess, indeed, there are some who have represented it as inconsistent with both; and I remember in particular, the excellent author of *The Religion of Nature delineated*, has treated it as highly irrational and absurd. As the passage falls in so thoroughly with your own turn of thought, you will have no objection, I

imagine, to my quoting it at large ; and I give it you, at the same time, as a very great authority on your side. “ In reality (says that writer) the man is not known ever the more to posterity, because his name is transmitted to them : *He* doth not live because his *name* does. When it is said, Julius Cæsar subdued Gaul, conquered Pompey, &c. it is the same thing as to say, the conqueror of Pompey was Julius Cæsar, i. e. Cæsar and the conqueror of Pompey is the same thing ; Cæsar is as much known by one designation as by the other. The amount then is only this : that the conqueror of Pompey conquered Pompey ; or rather, since Pompey is as little known now as Cæsar, *somebody* conquered *somebody*. Such a poor business is this boasted immortality ! and such is the thing called glory among us ! To discerning men this fame is mere air, and what they despise, if not shun.”

But surely *'twere to consider too curiously* (as Horatio says to Hamlet) *to consider thus*. For though fame with posterity should be, in the strict analysis of it, no other than what it is here described, a mere uninteresting proposition, amounting to nothing more than that *somebody* acted meritoriously ; yet it would not necessarily follow, that true philosophy would banish the desire of it from the human breast. For this passion may be (as most certainly it is) wisely implanted in our species, notwithstanding the corresponding object should in reality be very different from what it appears in imagination. Do not many of our most refined and even contemplative pleasures owe their existence to our mistakes ? It is but extending (I will not say,

say, improving) some of our senses to a higher degree of acuteness than we now possess them, to make the fairest views of nature, or the noblest productions of art, appear horrid and deformed. To see things as they truly and in themselves are, would not always, perhaps, be of advantage to us in the intellectual world, any more than in the natural. But, after all, who shall certainly assure us, that the pleasure of virtuous fame dies with its possessor, and reaches not to a farther scene of existence? There is nothing, it should seem, either absurd or unphilosophical in supposing it possible at least, that the praises of the good and the judicious, *that sweetest music to an honest ear* in this world, may be echoed back to the mansions of the next: that the Poet's description of Fame may be literally true, and though she walks upon earth, she may yet lift her head into heaven.

But can it be reasonable to extinguish a passion which nature has universally lighted up in the human breast, and which we constantly find to burn with most strength and brightness in the noblest and best formed bosoms? Accordingly Revelation is so far from endeavouring (as you suppose) to eradicate the seed which nature hath thus deeply planted, that she rather seems, on the contrary, to cherish and forward its growth. To be *exalted with honour*, and to be had *in everlasting remembrance*, are in the number of those encouragements which the Jewish dispensation offered to the virtuous; as the person from whom the sacred author of the Christian system received his birth, is herself represented as rejoicing that *all generations should call her blessed*.

To be convinced of the great advantage of cherishing this high regard to posterity ; this noble desire of an after-life in the breath of others, one need only look back upon the history of the antient Greeks and Romans. What other principle was it, which produced that exalted strain of virtue in *those* days, that may well serve as a model to *these* ? Was it not the *consentiens laus bonorum*, the *incorrupta vox bene judicantium* (as Tully calls it) the concurrent approbation of the *good*, the uncorrupted applause of the *wise*, that animated their most generous pursuits ?

To confess the truth, I have been ever inclined to think it a very dangerous attempt, to endeavour to lessen the motives of right conduct, or to raise any suspicion concerning their solidity. The tempers and dispositions of mankind are so extremely different, that it seems necessary they should be called into action by a variety of incitements. Thus, while some are willing to wed Virtue for her personal charms, others are engaged to take her for the sake of her expected dowry : and since her followers and admirers have so little hopes from her in present, it were pity, methinks, to reason them out of any imagined advantage in reversion.

Fitzosborne's Letters.

C H A P. II.

F A T H E R.

The character of a good one described.

A GOOD father is ever humane, tender and affectionate to his children ; he treats them, therefore, with lenity, and kindness ; corrects with prudence, rebukes with temper, and chastises with reluctance : he never suffers his indulgence to degenerate into weakness, or his affection to be biassed by partiality : as he rejoices in their joy, and participates in their afflictions, he never suffers them to want a blessing which he can bestow, or to lament an evil which he can prevent : whilst he continueth with them, he administers to their present happiness, and provides for their future felicity when he shall be removed from them ; he is doubly cautioned in preserving his own character, because theirs depends upon it ; he is prudent, therefore, that they may be happy, industrious that they may be rich, good and virtuous, that they may be respected : he instructs by his life, and teaches by his example : as he is thoroughly satisfied, that piety is the source and foundation of every virtue, he takes care to *bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord* : that they may be good *men*, he endeavours to make them good *christians* ; and after having done every thing in his power to make them easy and happy here, points out to

them the only infallible means of securing eternal bliss and tranquility hereafter.

Francklin's Sermons.



C H A P. III.

F E A S T I N G.

The houses of feasting and mourning contrasted.

IMAGINE then a house of feasting, where either by consent or invitation a number of each sex is drawn together for no other purpose but the enjoyment and mutual entertainment of each other, which we will suppose shall arise from no other pleasures but what custom authorises, and religion does not absolutely forbid.

Before we enter — let us examine, what must be the sentiments of each individual previous to his arrival, and we shall find, that however they may differ from one another in tempers and opinions, that every one seems to agree in this — that as he is going to a house dedicated to joy and mirth, it was fit he should divest himself of whatever was likely to contradict that intention, or be inconsistent with it. — That for this purpose, he had left his cares — his serious thoughts — and his moral reflections behind him, and was come forth from home with only such dispositions and gaiety of heart as suited the

the occasion, and promoted the intended mirth and jollity of the place. With this preparation of mind, which is as little as can be supposed, since it will amount to no more than a desire in each to render himself an acceptable guest,—let us conceive them entering into the house of feasting, with hearts set loose from grave restraints, and open to the expectations of receiving pleasure. It is not necessary, as I premised, to bring intemperance into this scene—or to suppose such an excess in the gratification of the appetites as shall ferment the blood and set the desires in a flame : — Let us admit no more of it therefore, than will gently stir them, and fit them for the impressions which so benevolent a commerce will naturally excite. In this disposition, thus wrought upon beforehand, and already improved to this purpose, — take notice, how mechanically the thoughts and spirits rise — how soon, and insensible, they are got above the pitch and first bounds which cooler hours would have marked.

When the gay and smiling aspect of things has begun to leave the passages to a man's heart thus thoughtlessly unguarded — when kind and caressing looks of every object without that can flatter his senses, have conspired with the enemy within to betray him, and put him off his defence — when music likewise has lent her aid, and tried her power upon his passions — when the voice of singing men, and the voice of singing women, with the sound of the viol and the lute have broke in upon his soul, and in some tender notes have touched the secret springs of rapture — that moment let us dissect and look into his heart — see how vain ! how

weak ! how empty a thing it is ! Look through its several recesses, those pure mansions formed for the reception of innocence and virtue — sad spectacle ! Behold those fair inhabitants now dispossessed — turned out of their sacred dwellings to make room — for what ? — at the best for levity and indiscretion — perhaps for folly — it may be for more impure guests, which possibly in so general a riot of the mind and senses may take occasion to enter unsuspected at the same time.

In a scene and disposition thus described — can the most cautious say — thus far shall my desires go — and no farther ? or will the coolest and most circumspect say, when pleasure has taken full possession of his heart, that no thought nor purpose shall arise there, which he would have concealed ? — In those loose and unguarded moments the imagination is not always at command — in spite of reason and reflection, it will forcibly carry him sometimes whether he would or not — like the unclean spirit, in the parent's sad description of his child's case, which took him, and oft times cast him into the fire to destroy him, and wheresoever it taketh him, it teareth him, and hardly departeth from him.

But this, you'll say, is the worst account of what the mind may suffer here.

Why may we not make more favourable suppositions ? — that numbers by exercise and custom to such encounters, learn gradually to despise and triumph over them ; — that the minds of many are not so susceptible of warm impressions, or so badly fortified against them, that pleasure should easily corrupt or soften them ; — that it would be hard to suppose, of the

the great multitudes which daily throng and press into this house of feasting, but that numbers come out of it again, with *all* the innocence with which they entered; and that if both sexes are included in the computation, what *fair* examples shall we see of many of so pure and chaste a turn of mind — that the house of feasting, with all its charms and temptations, was never able to excite a thought or awaken an inclination which virtue need to blush at — or which the most scrupulous conscience might not support. God forbid we should say otherwise: — no doubt numbers of all ages escape unhurt, and get off this dangerous sea without shipwreck. Yet, are they not to be reckoned amongst the more fortunate adventurers? — and though one would absolutely prohibit the attempt, or be so cynical as to condemn every one who tries it, since there are so many I suppose who cannot well do otherwise, and whose condition and situation in life unavoidably force them upon it — yet we may be allowed to describe this fair and flattering coast — we may point out the unsuspected dangers of it, and warn the unwary passenger, where they lay. We may shew him what hazards his youth and inexperience will run, how little he can gain by the venture, and how much wiser and better it would be to seek occasions rather to improve his little stock of virtue than incautiously expose it to so unequal a chance, where the best he can hope is to return safe with what treasure he carried out — but where probably, he may be so unfortunate as to lose it all — be lost himself, and undone for ever.

Thus much for the house of feasting: —

Let us now go into the house of mourning, made so, by such afflictions as have been brought in, merely by the common cross accidents and disasters to which our condition is exposed, — where perhaps, the aged parents sit broken-hearted, pierced to their souls with the folly and indiscretion of a thankless child — the child of their prayers, in whom all their hopes and expectations centred : — perhaps a more affecting scene — a virtuous family lying pinched with want, where the unfortunate support of it, having long struggled with a train of misfortunes, and bravely fought up against them — is now piteously borne down at the last — overwhelmed with a cruel blow which no forecast or frugality could have prevented. — O God ! look upon his afflictions. — Behold him distracted with many sorrows, surrounded with the tender pledges of his love, and the partner of his cares — without bread to give them, — unable, from the remembrance of better days, to dig ; — to beg, ashamed.

When we enter into the house of mourning such as this, — it is impossible to insult the unfortunate, even with an improper look — under whatever levity and dissipation of heart. Such objects catch our eyes, — they catch likewise our attentions, collect and call home our scattered thoughts, and exercise them with wisdom. A transient scene of distress, such as is here sketch'd, how soon does it furnish materials to set the mind at work ? how necessarily does it engage it to the consideration of the miseries and misfortunes, the dangers and calamities to which the life of man is subject. By holding up such a glass before it, it forces the mind to see

see and reflect upon the vanity, — the perishing condition and uncertain tenure of every thing in this world. From reflections of this serious cast, the thoughts insensibly carry us farther — and from considering, what we are — what kind of world we live in, and what evils befall us in it, they set us to look forwards at what possibly we shall be — for what kind of world we are intended — what evils may befall us there — and what provision we should make against them, here, whilst we have time and opportunity.

If these lessons are so inseparable from the house of mourning here supposed — we shall find it a still more instructive school of wisdom when we take a view of the place in that more affecting light in which the wise man seems to confine it, in which, by the house of mourning, I believe, he means that particular scene of sorrow where there is lamentation and mourning for the dead.

Turn in hither, I beseech you, for a moment. Behold a dead man ready to be carried out, the only son of his mother, and she a widow. Perhaps a more affecting spectacle — a kind and an indulgent father of a numerous family, lies breathless — snatch'd away in the strength of his age — torn in an evil hour from his children and the bosom of a disconsolate wife.

Behold much people of the city gathered together to mix their tears, with settled sorrow in their looks, going heavily along to the house of mourning, to perform that last melancholy office, which when the debt of nature is payed, we are called upon to pay each other.

If

If this sad occasion which leads him there, has not done it already, take notice, to what a serious and devout frame of mind every man is reduced, the moment he enters this gate of affliction. The busy and fluttering spirits, which in the house of mirth were wont to transport him from one diverting object to another — see how they are fallen ! how peaceably they are laid ! in this gloomy mansion full of shades and uncomfortable damps to seize the soul — see, the light and easy heart, which never knew what it was to think before, how pensive it is now, how soft, how susceptible, how full of religious impressions, how deeply it is smitten with sense and with a love of virtue. Could we in this crisis, whilst this empire of reason and religion lasts, and the heart is thus exercised with wisdom and busied with heavenly contemplations — could we see it naked as it is — stripped of all its passions, unspotted by the world, and regardless of its pleasures — we might then safely rest our cause upon this single evidence, and appeal to the most sensual, whether Solomon has not made a just determination here, in favour of the house of mourning ? — not for its own sake, but as it is fruitful in virtue, and becomes the occasion of so much good. Without this end, sorrow I own has no use, but to shorten a man's days — nor can gravity, with all its studied solemnity of look and carriage, serve any end but to make one half of the world merry, and impose upon the other.

Sterne's Sermons.

C H A P. IV.

F E O D A L S Y S T E M.

History of its rise and progress.

THE constitution of feuds had its original from the military policy of the Northern or Celtic nations, the Goths, the Hunns, the Franks, the Vandals, and the Lombards, who all migrating from the same *officina gentium*, as Craig very justly intitles it, poured themselves in vast quantities into all the regions of Europe, at the declension of the Roman empire. It was brought by them from their own countries, and continued in their respective colonies as the most likely means to secure their new acquisitions : and, to that end, large districts or parcels of land were allotted by the conquering general to the superior officers of the army, and by them dealt out again in smaller parcels or allotments to the inferior officers and most deserving soldiers. These allotments were called *feoda*, feuds, fiefs, or fees ; which last appellation in the northern languages signifies a conditional stipend or reward. Rewards or stipends they evidently were ; and the condition annexed to them was, that the possessor should do service faithfully, both at home and in the wars, to him by whom they were given ; for which purpose he took the *juramentum fidelitatis*, or oath of fealty : and in case of the breach of this condition and oath, by not performing the stipulated service, or by
deserting

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deserting the lord in battle, the lands were again to revert to him who granted them.

Allotments thus acquired, naturally engaged such as accepted them to defend them : and, as they all sprang from the same right of conquest, no part could subsist independent of the whole ; wherefore all givers as well as receivers were mutually bound to defend each other's possessions. But, as that could not effectually be done in a tumultuous irregular way, government, and to that purpose subordination, was necessary. Every receiver of lands, or feudatory, was therefore bound, when called upon by his benefactor, or immediate lord of his feud or fee, to do all in his power to defend him. Such benefactor or lord was likewise subordinate to and under the command of his immediate benefactor or superior ; and so upwards to the prince or general himself. And the several lords were also reciprocally bound in their respective gradations, to protect the possessions they had given. Thus the feudal connection was established, a proper military subjection was naturally introduced, and an army of feudatories were always ready enlisted, and mutually prepared to muster, not only in defence of each man's own several property, but also in defence of the whole, and of every part of this their newly acquired country : the prudence of which constitution was soon sufficiently visible in the strength and spirit, with which they maintained their conquests.

The universality and early use of this feudal plan, among all those nations which in complaisance to the Romans we still call Barbarous, may appear from what is recorded of the Cimbri and Teutones, nations of the same northern

northern original as those whom we have been describing, at their first irruption into Italy about a century before the Christian æra. They demanded of the Romans, "*ut martius populus aliquid sibi terrae daret, quasi stipendium : caeterum, ut vellet, manibus atque armis suis uteretur.*" The sense of which may be thus rendered ; " they desired stipendiary lands (that is, feuds) to be allowed them, to be held by military and other personal services, whenever their lords should call upon them." This was evidently the same constitution, that displayed itself more fully about seven hundred years afterwards ; when the Salii, Burgundians, and Franks, broke in upon Gaul, the Visigoths on Spain, and the Lombards upon Italy, and introduced with themselves this northern plan of polity, serving at once to distribute, and to protect, the territories they had newly gained. And from hence it is probable that the emperor Alexander Severus took the hint, of dividing lands conquered from the enemy among his generals and victorious soldiery, on condition of receiving military service from them and their heirs for ever.

Scarce had these northern conquerors established themselves in their new dominions, when the wisdom of their constitutions, as well as their personal valour, alarmed all the princes of Europe ; that is, of those countries which had formerly been Roman provinces, but had revolted, or were deserted by their old masters, in the general wreck of the empire. Wherefore most, if not all, of them thought it necessary to enter into the same or a similar plan of policy. For whereas, before, the possessions of their subjects were perfectly *allodial* ;
(that

(that is, wholly independent, and held of no superior at all) now they parcelled out their royal territories, or persuaded their subjects to surrender up and retake their own landed property, under the like feudal obligation of military fealty. And thus, in the compass of a very few years, the feudal constitution, or the doctrine of tenure, extended itself over all the western world. Which alteration of landed property, in so very material a point, necessarily drew after it an alteration of laws and customs; so that the feudal laws soon drove out the Roman, which had hitherto universally obtained, but now became for many centuries lost and forgotten; and Italy itself (as some of the civilians, with more spleen than judgment, have expressed it) *belluinas, atque ferinas, immanesque Longobardorum leges accepit.*

But this feudal polity, which was thus by degrees established over all the continent of Europe, seems not to have been received in this part of our island, at least not universally, and as a part of the national constitution, till the reign of William the Norman. Not but that it is reasonable to believe, from abundant traces in our history and laws, that even in the times of the Saxons, who were a swarm from what Sir William Temple calls the same northern hive, something similar to this was in use: yet not so extensively, nor attended with all the rigour that was afterwards imported by the Normans. For the Saxons were firmly settled in this Island, at least as early as the year 600: and it was not till two centuries after, that feuds arrived to their full vigour and maturity, even on the continent of Europe.

This

This introduction however of the feudal tenures into England, by king William, does not seem to have been effected immediately after the conquest, nor by the mere arbitrary will and power of the conqueror ; but to have been consented to by the great council of the nation long after his title was established. Indeed from the prodigious slaughter of the English nobility at the battle of Hastings, and the fruitless insurrections of those who survived, such numerous forfeitures had accrued, that he was able to reward his Norman followers with very large and extensive possessions : which gave a handle to the monkish historians, and such as have implicitly followed them, to represent him as having by the right of the sword seized on all the lands of England, and dealt them out again to his own favourites. A supposition, grounded upon a mistaken sense of the word *conquest* ; which, in its feudal acceptation, signifies no more than *acquisition* : and this has led many hasty writers into a strange historical mistake, and one which upon the slightest examination will be found to be most untrue. However, certain it is, that the Normans now began to gain very large possessions in England : and their regard for the feudal law, under which they had long lived, together with the king's recommendation of this policy to the English, as the best way to put themselves on a military footing, and thereby to prevent any future attempts from the continent, were probably the reasons that prevailed to effect his establishment here. And perhaps we may be able to ascertain the time of this great revolution in our landed property with a tolerable degree of exactness. For we learn from

from the Saxon Chronicle, that in the nineteenth year of king William's reign an invasion was apprehended from Denmark ; and the military constitution of the Saxons being then laid aside, and no other introduced in its stead, the kingdom was wholly defenceless : which occasioned the king to bring over a large army of Normans and Bretons, who were quartered upon every landholder, and greatly oppressed the people. This apparent weakness, together with the grievances occasioned by a foreign force, might co-operate with the king's remonstrances, and the better incline the nobility to listen to his proposals for putting them in a posture of defence. For, as soon as the danger was over, the king held a great council to enquire into the state of the nation ; the immediate consequence of which was the compiling of the great survey called Domesday book, which was finished in the next year : and in the latter end of that very year the king was attended by all his nobility at Sarum ; where all the principal landholders submitted their lands to the yoke of military tenure, became the king's vassals, and did homage and fealty to his person. This seems to have been the æra of formally introducing the feudal tenures by law ; and probably the very law, thus made at the council of Sarum, is that which is still extant, and couched in these remarkable words : "*statuimus, ut omnes liberi homines foedere & sacramento affirment, quod intra & extra universum regnum Angliæ Wilhelmo regi domino suo fideles esse volunt ; terras & honores illius omni fidelitate ubique servare cum eo, et contra inimicos et alienigenas defendere.*" The terms of this law (as Sir Martin Wright has observed) are plainly feudal : for,

first,

first, it requires the oath of fealty, which made in the sense of the feudists every man that took it a tenant or vassal ; and, secondly, the tenants obliged themselves to defend their lord's territories and titles against all enemies foreign and domestic. But what puts the matter out of dispute is another law of the same collection, which exacts the performance of the military feudal services, as ordained by the general council. "*Omnes comites, & barones, & milites, & servientes, & universi liberi homines totius regni nostri praedicti, habeant & teneant se semper bene in armis & in equis, ut decet & oportet : & sint semper prompti & bene parati ad servitium suum integrum nobis explendum & peragendum cum opus fuerit ; secundum quod nobis debent de foedis & tenementis suis de jure facere ; & sicut illis statuimus per commune concilium totius regni nostri praedicti.*"

This new polity therefore seems not to have been *imposed* by the conqueror, but nationally and freely *adopted* by the general assembly of the whole realm, in the same manner as other nations of Europe had before adopted it, upon the same principle of self-security. And, in particular, they had the recent example of the French nation before their eyes ; which had gradually surrendered up all its allodial or free lands into the king's hands, who restored them to the owners as a *beneficium* or feud, to be held to them and such of their heirs as they previously nominated to the king : and thus by degrees all the allodial estates of France were converted into feuds, and the freemen became the vassals of the crown. The only difference between this change of tenures in France, and that

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that in England, was, that the former was effected gradually, by the consent of private persons ; the latter was done at once, all over England, by the common consent of the nation.

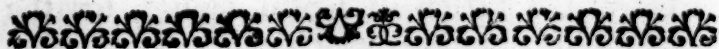
In consequence of this change, it became a fundamental maxim and necessary principle (though in reality a mere fiction) of our English tenures, “ that the king is the universal lord and original proprietor of all the lands in his kingdom ; and that no man doth or can possess any part of it, but what has mediately or immediately been derived as a gift from him, to be held upon feudal services.” For, this being the real case in pure, original, proper feuds, other nations who adopted this system were obliged to act upon the same supposition, as a substruction and foundation of their new polity, though the fact was indeed far otherwise. And indeed by thus consenting to the introduction of feudal tenures, our English ancestors probably meant no more than to put the kingdom in a state of defence by a military system ; and to oblige themselves (in respect of their lands) to maintain the king’s title and territories, with equal vigour and fealty, *as if* they had received their lands from his bounty upon these express conditions, as pure, proper, beneficiary feudatories. But, whatever their meaning was, the Norman interpreters, skilled in all the niceties of the feudal constitutions, and well understanding the import and extent of the feudal terms, gave a very different construction to this proceeding ; and thereupon took a handle to introduce not only the rigorous doctrines which prevailed in the Duchy of Normandy, but also
such

such fruits and dependencies, such hardships and services, as were never known to other nations ; as if the English had in fact, as well as theory, owed every thing they had to the bounty of their sovereign lord.

Our ancestors therefore, who were by no means beneficiaries, but had barely consented to this fiction of tenure from the crown, as the basis of a military discipline, with reason looked upon these deductions as grievous impositions, and arbitrary conclusions from principles that, as to them, had no foundation in truth. However, this king, and his son William Rufus, kept up with a high hand all the rigours of the feudal doctrines : but their successor, Henry I. found it expedient, when he set up his pretensions to the crown, to promise a restitution of the laws of king Edward the confessor, or ancient Saxon system ; and accordingly, in the first year of his reign, granted a charter, whereby he gave up the greater grievances, but still reserved the fiction of feudal tenure, for the same military purposes which engaged his father to introduce it. But this charter was gradually broke through, and the former grievances were revived and aggravated, by himself and succeeding princes ; till in the reign of king John they became so intolerable, that they occasioned his barons, or principal feudatories to rise up in arms against him : which at length produced the famous great charter at Running-mead, which, with some alterations, was confirmed by his son Henry III. And though its immunities (especially as altered on its last edition by his son) are very greatly short of those granted by Henry I. it was justly esteemed at the time a
vast

vast acquisition to English liberty. Indeed, by the farther alteration of tenures that has since happened, many of these immunities may now appear, to a common observer, of much less consequence than they really were when granted: but this, properly considered, will shew, not that the acquisitions under John were small, but that those under Charles were greater. And from hence also arises another inference; that the liberties of Englishmen are not (as some arbitrary writers would represent them) mere infringements of the king's prerogative, extorted from our princes by taking advantage of their weakness; but a restoration of that antient constitution, of which our ancestors had been defrauded by the art and finesse of the Norman lawyers, rather than deprived by the force of the Norman arms.

Blackstone's Commentaries.



CHAP. V.

F R A U D.

Its heinousness.

CONTRIVED Fraud is itself a crime of the deepest malignity, and of the most pernicious consequences; a sin which tends to destroy all human society, all trust and confidence

dence among men, all justice and equity, which is the support of the world, and without which no society of mankind can subsist. And the breaking through this obligation by deliberate fraud, is, of all other sins, one of the most open defiance of conscience, and the most wilful opposition to right reason, that can be imagined ; a sin, for which a man can find no excuse, nor extenuation in his own mind ; into the commission of which he can be led by no error, by no wrong judgment, by no mistaken opinion whatsoever ; but he must of necessity, at least for that time, have abandoned all true sense of religion, and depend entirely upon the fact's not being discovered, for the concealment of his shame. Then, for a christian, a man who professes a pure and more holy religion ; a religion that commands not only common justice and equity, but singular love and goodwill towards our neighbour ; and requires not only abstinence from the unjust things of the world, but also a contempt and indifference even for its innocent enjoyments ; for a man who professes such a religion, to be guilty of a contrived and deliberate fraud, which the conscience even of a good heathen would abhor, this is a greater aggravation of the crime.

Clarke's Sermons.

C H A P. VI.

F R E E - T H I N K I N G.

The various abuses committed by the vulgar in this point.

THE publication of lord Bolingbroke's posthumous works has given new life and spirit to Free-thinking. We seem at present to be endeavouring to unlearn our catechism, with all that we have been taught about religion, in order to model our faith to the fashion of his lordship's system. We have now nothing to do, but to throw away our bibles, turn the churches into theatres, and rejoice that an act of parliament now in force, gives us an opportunity of getting rid of the clergy by transportation. I was in hopes the extraordinary price of these volumes would have confined their influence to persons of quality. As they are placed above extreme indigence and absolute want of bread, their loose notions would have carried them no farther than cheating at cards, or perhaps plundering their country : but if these opinions spread among the vulgar, we shall be knocked down at noon-day in our streets, and nothing will go forward but robberies and murders.

The instances I have lately seen of free-thinking in the lower part of the world, make me fear, they are going to be as fashionable and as wicked

wicked as their betters. I went the other night to the Robin Hood, where it is usual for the advocates against religion to assemble and openly avow their infidelity. One of the questions for the night was, "Whether lord Bölingbroke had not done greater service to mankind by his writings, than the Apostles or Evangelists?" As this Society is chiefly composed of lawyers clerks, petty tradesmen, and the lowest mechanics, I was at first surprized at such amazing erudition among them. Toland, Tindal, Collins, Chubb, and Mandeville, they seemed to have got by heart. A shoe-maker harangued his five minutes upon the excellence of the tenets maintained by lord Bolingbroke; but I soon found that his reading had not been extended beyond the Idea of a Patriot King, which he had mistaken for a glorious system of Free-thinking. I could not help smiling at another of the company, who took pains to shew his disbelief of the gospel by unsainting the Apostles, and calling them by no other title than plain Paul or plain Peter. The proceedings of this Society have indeed almost induced me to wish that (like the Roman Catholics) they were not permitted to read the bible, rather than they should read it only to abuse it.

I have frequently heard many wise tradesmen settling the most important articles of our faith over a pint of beer. A baker took occasion from Canning's affair to maintain, in opposition to the scriptures, that man might live by bread alone, at least that woman might; "for else, said he, how could the girl have been supported for a whole month by a few hard crusts?" In answer

to this, a barber-surgeon set forth the improbability of that story ; and thence inferred, that it was impossible for our Saviour to have fasted forty days in the wilderness. I lately heard a midshipman swear that the bible was all a lie : for he had sailed round the world with lord Anson, and if there had been any Red Sea, he must have met with it. I know a bricklayer, who while he was working by line and rule, and carefully laying one brick upon another, would argue with a fellow-labourer that the world was made by chance ; and a cook, who thought more of his trade than his bible, in a dispute concerning the miracles, made a pleasant mistake about the nature of the first, and gravely asked his antagonist what he thought of the Supper at Cana.

This affectation of Free-thinking among the lower class of people, is at present happily confined to the men. On Sundays, while the husbands toying are at the alehouse, the good women their wives think it their duty to go to church, say their prayers, bring home the text, and hear the children their catechism. But our polite ladies are, I fear, in their lives and conversations little better than Free-thinkers. Going to church, since it is now no longer the fashion to carry on intrigues there, is almost wholly laid aside : And I verily believe, that nothing but another earthquake can fill the churches with people of quality. The fair sex in general are too thoughtless to concern themselves in deep enquiries into matters of religion. It is sufficient, that they are taught to believe themselves angels. It would therefore be an ill compliment,

pliment, while we talk of the heaven they bestow, to persuade them into the Mahometan notion, that they have no souls : though perhaps our fine gentlemen may imagine, that by convincing a lady that she has no soul, she will be less scrupulous about the disposal of her body.

The ridiculous notions maintained by Free-thinkers in their writings, scarce deserves a serious refutation ; and perhaps the best method of answering them would be to select from their works all the absurd and impracticable notions which they so stiffly maintain in order to evade the belief of the Christian religion. I shall here throw together a few of their principal tenets, under the contradictory title of

The UNBELIEVER'S CREED.

I BELIEVE that there is no God, but that matter is God, and God is matter ; and that it is no matter, whether there is any God or no.

I believe also, that the world was not made ; that the world made itself ; that it had no beginning ; that it will last forever, world without end.

I believe that a man is a beast, that the soul is the body, and the body is the soul ; and that after death there is neither body nor soul.

I believe that there is no religion ; that natural religion is the only religion ; and that all religion is unnatural.

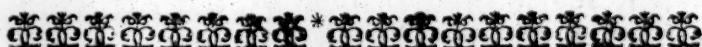
I believe not in Moses ; I believe in the first philosophy ; I believe not the Evangelists ; I believe in Chubb, Collins, Toland, Tindal,
F 3
Morgan,

Morgan, Mandeville, Woolston, Hobbes, Shaftesbury ; I believe in lord Bolingbroke ; I believe not St. Paul.

I believe not revelation ; I believe in tradition ; I believe in the Talmud ; I believe in the Alcoran ; I believe not the bible ; I believe in Socrates ; I believe in Confucius ; I believe in Sanconiathon ; I believe in Mahomet ; I believe not in Christ.

Lastly, I believe in all unbelief.

Connoisseur.



C H A P. VII.

F O R T U N E.

S E C T. I.

Not to be trusted.

THE sudden invasion of an enemy overthrows such as are not on their guard ; but they who foresee the war, and prepare themselves for it before it breaks out, stand without difficulty the first and the fiercest onset. I learned this important lesson long ago, and never trusted to Fortune even while she seemed to be at peace with me. The riches, the honours, the reputation, and all the advantages which her treacherous indulgence poured upon me, I placed

placed so, that she might snatch them away without giving me any disturbance. I kept a great interval between me and them. She took them, but she could not tear them from me. No man suffers by bad fortune, but he who has been deceived by good. If we grow fond of her gifts, fancy that they belong to us, and are perpetually to remain with us; if we lean upon them, and expect to be considered for them; we shall sink into all the bitterness of grief, as soon as these false and transitory benefits pass away, as soon as our vain and childish minds, unfraught with solid pleasures, become destitute even of those which are imaginary. But, if we do not suffer ourselves to be transported with prosperity, neither shall we be reduced by adversity. Our souls will be proof against the dangers of both these states: and having explored our strength, we shall be sure of it; for in the midst of felicity, we shall have tried how we can bear misfortune.

Bolingbroke.

S E C T. II.

Her evils disarmed by patience.

BANISHMENT, with all its train of evils, is so far from being the cause of contempt, that he who bears up with an undaunted spirit against them, while so many are dejected by them, erects on his very misfortune a trophy to his honour: for such is the frame and temper of our minds, that nothing strikes us with

greater admiration than a man intrepid in the midst of misfortunes. Of all ignominies, an ignominious death must be allowed to be the greatest; and yet where is the blasphemer who will presume to defame the death of Socrates? This saint entered the prison with the same countenance with which he reduced thirty tyrants, and he took off ignominy from the place; for how could it be deemed a prison when Socrates was there? Aristides was led to execution in the same city; all those who met the sad procession, cast their eyes to the ground, and with throbbing hearts bewailed, not the innocent man, but Justice herself, who was in him condemned. Yet there was a wretch found, for monsters are sometimes produced in contradiction to the ordinary rules of nature, who spit in his face as he passed along. Aristides wiped his cheek, smiled, turned to the magistrate, and said, "Admonish this man not to be so nasty for the future."

Ignominy then can take no hold on virtue; for virtue is in every condition the same, and challenges the same respect. We applaud the world when she prospers; and when she falls into adversity we applaud her. Like the temples of the Gods, she is venerable even in her ruins. After this, must it not appear a degree of madness to defer one moment acquiring the only arms capable of defending us against attacks, which at every moment we are exposed to? Our being miserable, or not miserable, when we fall into misfortunes, depends on the manner in which we have enjoyed prosperity.

Bolingbroke.

CHAP.

C H A P. VIII.

F O R T U N E - T E L L I N G.

Dear S I R,

YOU must know I am in love with a very clever man, a Londoner ; and as I want to know whether it is my fortune to have him, I have tried all the tricks I can hear of for that purpose. I have seen him several times in coffee-grounds with a sword by his side ; and he was once at the bottom of a tea-cup in a coach and six with two footmen behind it. I got up last May morning, and went into the fields to hear the cuckow ; and when I pulled off my left shoe, I found an hair in it exactly the same colour with his. But I shall never forget what I did last Midsummer-Eve. I and my two sisters tried the Dumb Cake together : you must know, two must make it, two bake it, two break it, and the third put it under each of their pillows (but you must not speak a word all the time), and then you will dream of the man you are to have. This we did ; and to be sure I did nothing all night but dream of Mr. Blossom. The same night exactly at twelve o'clock, I sowed Hemp-seed in our back yard, and said to myself, " Hemp-seed I sow, Hemp-seed I hoe, And he that is my true love, come after me and mow." Will you believe me, I looked back, and saw him behind me, as plain as eyes could see him. After that, I

took a clean shift, and wetted it, and turned it wrong-side out, and hung it to the fire upon the back of a chair; and very likely my sweet-heart would have come and turned it right again, (for I heard his step) but I was frightened, and could not help speaking, which broke the charm. I likewise stuck up two Midsummer men, one for myself, and one for him. Now if his had died away, we should never have come together; but I assure you his blowed and turned to mine. Our maid Betty tells me, that if I go backwards without speaking a word into the garden upon Midsummer-Eve, and gather a rose, and keep it in a clean sheet of paper, without looking at it, till Christmas-Day, it will be as fresh as in June; and if I then stick it in my bosom, he that is to be my husband will come and take it out. If I am not married before the time comes about again, I will certainly do it; and only mind, if Mr. Blossom is not the man.

I have tried a great many other fancies, and they have all turned out right. Whenever I go to lye in a strange bed, I always tie my garter nine times round the bed post, and knit nine knots in it, and say to myself, "This knot I knit, this knot I tie, To see my love as he goes by, In his apparel and array, As he walks in every day." I did so last holidays at my uncle's; and to be sure I saw Mr. Blossom draw my curtains, and tuck up the cloaths at my bed's feet. Cousin Debby was married a little while ago, and she sent me a piece of bride-cake to put under my pillow, and I had the sweetest dream---I thought we were going to be married together. I have, many is the time, taken great pains to pare an apple whole, and afterwards flung the peel
over

over my head; and it always falls in the shape of the first letter of his surname or christian name. I am sure Mr. Blossom loves me, because I stuck two of the kernels upon my forehead, while I thought upon him and the lubberly squire my papa wants me to have. Mr. Blossom's kernel stuck on, but the other dropt off directly.

Last Friday, Mr. Town, was Valentine's Day; and I'll tell you what I did the night before. I got five bay leaves, and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillow, and the fifth to the middle, and then, if I dreamt of my sweetheart, Betty said we should be married before the year was out. But to make it more sure, I boiled an egg hard, and took out the yolk, and filled it up with salt; and when I went to bed, eat it shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it: and this was to have the same effect with the leaves. We also wrote our lovers names upon bits of paper, and rolled them up in clay, and put them into water; and the first that rose up, was to be our Valentine. Would you think it? Mr. Blossom was my man: and I lay in bed and shut my eyes all the morning, till he came to our house; for I would not have seen another man before him for all the world.

Dear Mr. Town, if you know any other ways to try our fortune by, do put them in your paper. My mamma laughs at us, and says there is nothing in them; but I am sure there is, for several misses at our boarding-school have tried them, and they have all happened true: and I am sure my own sister Hetty, who died just

before Christmas, stood in the church porch last Midsummer-Eve to see all that were to die that year in our parish; and she saw her own apparition.

Your humble Servant,

ARABELLA WHIMSEY.

Connoisseur.



C H A P. IX.

F R I E N D S H I P.

Its uncertainty.

LIFE has no pleasure higher or nobler than that of friendship. It is painful to consider, that this sublime enjoyment may be impaired or destroyed by innumerable causes, and that there is no human possession of which the duration is less certain.

Many have talked, in very exalted language, of the perpetuity of friendship, of invincible constancy, and unalienable kindness; and some examples have been seen of men who have continued faithful to their earliest choice, and whose affection has predominated over changes of fortune, and contrariety of opinion.

But

But these instances are memorable, because they are rare. The friendship which is to be practised or expected by common mortals, must take its rise from mutual pleasure, and must end when the power ceases of delighting each other.

Many accidents therefore may happen, by which the ardour of kindness will be abated, without criminal baseness or contemptible inconstancy on either part. To give pleasure is not always in our power ; and little does he know himself, who believes that he can be always able to receive it.

Those who would gladly pass their days together may be separated by the different course of their affairs ; and friendship, like love, is destroyed by long absence, though it may be increased by short intermissions. What we have missed long enough to want it, we value more when it is regained ; but that which has been lost till it is forgotten, will be found at last with little gladness, and with still less, if a substitute has supplied the place. A man deprived of the companion to whom he used to open his bosom, and with whom he shared the hours of leisure and merriment, feels the day at first hanging heavy on him ; his difficulties oppress, and his doubts distract him ; he sees time come and go without his wonted gratification, and all is sadness within and solitude about him. But this uneasiness never lasts long, necessity produces expedients, new amusements are discovered, and new conversation is admitted.

No expectation is more frequently disappointed, than that which naturally arises in the mind, from the prospect of meeting an old friend, after
long

long separation. We expect the attraction to be revived, and the coalition to be renewed ; no man considers how much alteration time has made in himself, and very few enquire what effect it has had upon others. The first hour convinces, that the pleasure, which they have formerly enjoyed, is forever at an end ; different scenes have made different impressions, the opinions of both are changed, and that similitude of manners and sentiment is lost, which confirmed them both in the approbation of themselves.

Friendship is often destroyed by opposition of interest, not only by the ponderous and visible interest, which the desire of wealth and greatness forms and maintains, but by a thousand secret and slight competitions, scarcely known to the mind upon which they operate. There is scarcely any man without some favourite trifle which he values above greater attainments, some desire of petty praise which he cannot patiently suffer to be frustrated. This minute ambition is sometimes crossed before it is known, and sometimes defeated by wanton petulance ; but such attacks are seldom made without the loss of friendship ; for whoever has once found the vulnerable part will always be feared, and the resentment will burn on in secret of which shame hinders the discovery.

This, however, is a slow malignity, which a wise man will obviate as inconsistent with quiet, and a good man will repress as contrary to virtue ; but human happiness is sometimes violated by some more sudden strokes.

A dispute begun in jest, upon a subject which a moment before was on both parts regarded with

with careless indifference, is continued by the desire of conquest, till vanity kindles into rage, and opposition rankles into enmity. Against this hasty mischief I know not what security can be obtained ; men will be sometimes surprized into quarrels, and though they might both hasten to reconciliation, as soon as their tumult had subsided, yet two minds will seldom be found together, which can at once subdue their discontent, or immediately enjoy the sweets of peace, without remembering the wounds of the conflict.

Friendship has other enemies. Suspicion is always hardening the cautious, and disgust repelling the delicate. Very slender differences will sometimes part those whom long reciprocation of civility or beneficence has united. *Lonely* and *Ranger* retired into the country to enjoy the company of each other, and returned in six weeks cold and petulant ; *Ranger's* pleasure was to walk in the fields, and *Lonely's* to sit in a bower ; each had complied with the other in his turn, and each was angry that compliance had been exacted.

The most fatal disease of friendship is gradual decay, or dislike hourly increased by causes too slender for complaint, and too numerous for removal. Those who are angry may be reconciled ; those who have been injured may receive a recompence ; but when the desire of pleasing and willingness to be pleased is silently diminished, the renovation of friendship is hopeless ; as, when the vital powers sink into languor, there is no longer any use of the physician.

Idler, No. 26.

C H A P.

C H A P. X.

F R O L I C K.

S E C T. I.

A modern one, what ?

THE Frolick formerly signified nothing more than a piece of innocent mirth and gaiety: but the modern sense of the word is much more lively and spirited. The Mohocks, and the members of the Hell-Fire-Club, the heroes of the last generation, were the first who introduced elevated frolicks, and struck out mighty good jokes from all kinds of violence and blasphemy. The present race of Bucks commonly begin their frolick in a tavern, and end it in a round-house; and during the course of it practise several mighty pretty pleasantries. There is a great deal of humour in what is called beating the rounds, that is, in plain English, taking a tour of the principal bawdy-houses: breaking lamps, and skirmishes with watchmen are very good jests; and insulting any dull sober fools, that are quietly trudging, about their business, or a rape on a modest woman, are particularly facetious. Whatever is in violation of all decency and order, is an exquisite piece of wit; and in short, a frolick and *playing the devil* bear the same explanation in a modern glossary.

It

It is surprising how much invention there is in these exploits, and how wine inspires these gentlemen with thoughts more extraordinary and sublime, than any sober man could ever have devised. I have known a whole company start from their chairs, and begin tilting at each other merely for their diversion. Another time these exalted geniusses have cast lots which should be thrown out of the window, and at another made a bonfire of their cloaths, and run naked into the streets. I remember a little gentleman not above five feet high, who was resolved, merely for the sake of the frolick, to lie with the Tall Woman; but the joke ended in his receiving a sound cudgelling from the hands of his Thalestris. It was no longer ago than last winter, that a party of jovial Templars set out an hour or two after midnight on a voyage to Lisbon, in order to get good Port. They took boat at the Temple stairs, and prudently laid in by way of provisions, a cold venison-pasty and two bottles of raspberry brandy; but when they imagined they were just arrived at Gravesend, they found themselves suddenly overset in Chelsea-Reach, and very narrowly escaped being drowned. The most innocent frolicks of these men of humour are carried on in a literary way by advertisements in the newspapers, with which they often amuse the town; and alarm us with bottle conjurers, and persons who jump down their own throats. Sometimes they divert themselves by imposing on their acquaintance with fictitious intrigues, and putting modest women to the blush by describing them in the public papers. Once, I remember, it was the
frolick

frolick to call together all the wet nurses, that wanted a place ; at another time, to summon several old women to bring their male tabby cats, for which they were to expect a considerable price ; and not long ago, by the proffer of a curacy, they drew all the poor parsons to St. Paul's coffee-house, where the Bucks themselves sat in another box to smoke their rusty wigs and brown cassocks.

But the highest frolick, that can possibly be put in execution, is a genteel murder ; such as running a waterman through the body, knocking an old feeble watchman's brains out with his own staff, or taking away the life of some regular scoundrel, who has not spirit enough to whore and drink like a gentleman. The noblest frolick of this kind I ever remember, happened a few years ago at a country town. While a party of Bucks were making a riot at an inn, and tossing the chairs and tables and looking-glasses into the street, the landlady was indiscreet enough to come up stairs, and interrupt their merriment with her impertinent remonstrances ; upon which they immediately threw her out of the window after her own furniture. News was soon brought of the poor woman's death ; and the whole company looked upon it as a very droll accident, and gave orders that she should be charged in the bill.

Connoisseur.

S E C T.

S E C T. II.

Adopted by the Ladies.

O U R ladies of quality, who have at length adopted French manners with French fashions, and thrown off all starchness and reserve with the ruff and the fardingale, are very fond of a frolick. I have, indeed, lately observed with great pleasure the commendable attempts of the other sex to shake off the shackles of custom; and I make no doubt, but a libertine lady will soon become a very common character. If their passion for gaming continues to encrease in the same proportion that it has for some time past, we shall very soon meet with abundance of sharpers in petticoats; and it will be mentioned as a very familiar incident, that a party of female gamblers were seized by the constables at the gaming-table. I am also informed, that it is grown very common among the ladies to toast pretty fellows; and that they often amuse themselves with concerting schemes for an excellent frolick. A frolick is, indeed, the most convenient name in the world to veil an intrigue; and it is a very great pity, that husbands and fathers should ever object to it. I can see no harm in a lady's going disguised to mob it in the gallery at the play-house; and could not but smile at the pretty innocent wanton, who carried the joke so far as to accompany a strange gentleman to a bagnio; but when she came there, was surprised to find he was fond of a frolick as well as herself, and offered her violence. But I particularly admire the spirit of that lady, who had such true relish
for

for a frolick, as to go with her gallant to the masquerade, though she knew he had no breeches under his domino.

I most heartily congratulate the fine ladies and gentlemen of the age on the spirit with which they pursue their diversions; and I look upon a bold frolick as the peculiar privilege of a person of fashion. The ladies undoubtedly see a great deal of pleasantry in an intrigue, and mimic the dress and manners of the courtesans very happily and facetiously; while the gentlemen, among many other new fancies, have made the old blunder of the Merry Andrew appear no longer ridiculous, and are mightily pleased with the comical humours of a murder. The frolicks now in vogue will probably continue to be the amusements of the polite world for a long time: but whenever the passion is about to vary, I beg leave to propose the frolick recommended, if I remember right, to the Duke of Wharton by Dr. Swift. "When you are tired of your other frolicks, I would have you take up the frolick of being good; and my word for it, you will find it the most agreeable frolick you ever practised in your life."

Connoisseur.



C H A P. XI.

F U T U R I T Y.

AMONG Martial's requisites to happiness is, *Res non parata labore sed relicta*; "an estate not gained by industry, but left by inheritance

heritance." It is necessary to the completion of every good, that it be timely obtained; for whatever comes at the close of life, will come too late to give much delight. Yet all human happiness has its defects. Of what we do not gain for ourselves we have only a faint and imperfect fruition, because we cannot compare the difference between want and possession, or at least can derive from it no conviction of our own abilities, nor any encrease of self-esteem; what we acquire by bravery or science, by mental or corporal diligence, comes at last when we cannot communicate, and therefore cannot enjoy it.

Thus every period of life is obliged to borrow its happiness from the time to come. In youth we have nothing past to entertain us, and in age, we derive little from retrospect but hopeless sorrow. Yet the future likewise has its limits, which the imagination dreads to approach, but which we see to be not far distant. The loss of our friends and companions, impresses hourly upon us the necessity of our own departure: we know that the schemes of man are quickly at an end, that we must soon lie down in the grave with the forgotten multitudes of former ages, and yield our place to others, who, like us, shall be driven a while by hope or fear about the surface of the earth, and then like us be lost in the shades of death.

Beyond this termination of our material existence, we are therefore obliged to extend our hopes, and almost every man indulges his imagination with something, which is not to happen
till

till he has changed his manner of being. Some amuse themselves with entails and settlements, provide for the perpetuation of families and honours, or contrive to obviate the dissipation of fortunes, which it has been their business to accumulate : Others, more refined or exalted, congratulate their own hearts upon the future extent of their reputation, the reverence of distant nations, and the gratitude of unprejudiced posterity.

They whose souls are so chained down to coffers and tenements, that they cannot conceive a state in which they shall look upon them with less solicitude, are seldom attentive or flexible to arguments ; but the votaries of fame are capable of reflection, and therefore may be called to reconsider the probability of their expectations.

Whether to be remembered in remote times be worthy of a wise man's wish, has not yet been satisfactorily decided; and indeed, to be long remembered, can happen to so small a number, that the bulk of mankind has very little interest in the question. There is never room in the world for more than a certain quantity, or measure of renown. The necessary business of life, the immediate pleasures or pains of every condition, leaves us not leisure beyond a fixed proportion for contemplations which do not forcibly influence our present welfare. When this vacuity is filled, no characters can be admitted into the circulation of fame, but by occupying the place of some that must be traced into oblivion. The eye of the mind, like that of the
body,

body, can only extend its view to new objects, by losing sight of those which are now before it.

Reputation is therefore a meteor which blazes a while and disappears for ever; and if we except a few transcendent and invincible names, which no revolutions of opinion or length of time is able to suppress; all those that engage our thoughts, or diversify our conversation, are every moment hastening to obscurity, as new favourites are adopted by fashion.

It is not therefore from this world that any ray of comfort can proceed, to cheer the gloom of the last hour. But futurity has still its prospects; there is yet happiness in reserve, which if we transfer our attention to it, will support us in the pains of disease, and the languor of decay. This happiness we may expect with confidence, because it is out of the power of chance, and may be attained by all that sincerely desire and earnestly pursue it. On this therefore every mind ought finally to rest. Hope is the chief blessing of man, and that hope only is rational, of which we are certain that it cannot deceive us.

Rambler.

B O O K VII.

C H A P. I.

G A M I N G.

A FRIEND of mine, who belongs to the Stamp-Office, acquaints me that the revenue arising from the duty on cards and dice continues to increase every year; and that it now brings in near six times more than it did at first. This will not appear very wonderful, when we consider, that gaming is now become rather the business than amusement of our persons of quality; and that they are more concerned about the transactions of the two clubs at White's, than the proceedings of both houses of parliament. Thus it happens, that estates are now almost as frequently made over by whist and hazard, as by deeds and settlements; and the chariots of many of our nobility may be said (like Count Basset's in the play) "to roll upon the four aces."

This love of gaming has taken such entire possession of their ideas, that it infects their common conversation. The management of a dispute was formerly attempted by reason and argument; but the new way of adjusting all difference in opinion is by the sword or a wager: so that the only genteel method of dissenting is to risk a thousand pounds, or take your chance of being run through the body. The strange custom of deciding every thing by a wager is so universal

universal, that if (in imitation of Swift) any body was to publish a specimen of polite conversation, instead of old sayings and trite repartees, he would in all probability fill his dialogues with little more than bet after bet, or now and then a calculation of the odds.

White's, the present grand scene of these transactions, was formerly distinguished by gallantry and intrigue. During the publication of the Tatler, Sir Richard Steele thought proper to date all his love news from that quarter: but it would now be as absurd to pretend to gather any such intelligence from White's, as to send to Batson's for a lawyer, or to the Rolls coffee-house for a man-midwife.

The gentlemen who now frequent this place, profess a kind of universal scepticism; and as they look upon every thing as dubious, put the issue upon a wager. There is nothing, however trivial or ridiculous, which is not capable of producing a bet. Many pounds have been lost upon the colour of a coach-horse, an article in the news, or the change in the weather. The birth of a child has brought great advantages to persons not in the least related to the family it was born in; and the breaking off a match has affected many in their fortunes, besides the parties immediately concerned.

But the most extraordinary part of fashionable practice is, what in the gaming dialect is called pitting one man against another; that is, in plain English, wagering which of the two will live longest. In this manner, people of the most opposite characters make up the subject of a bet. A player perhaps is pitted against a duke,

an alderman against a bishop, or a pimp with a privy-counsellor. There is scarce one remarkable person, upon whose life there are not many thousand pounds depending; or one person of quality, whose death will not leave several of these kinds of mortgages upon his estate. The various changes in the health of one, who is the subject of many bets, occasion very serious reflections in those who have ventured large sums on his life and death. Those, who would be gainers by his decease, upon every slight indisposition, watch all the stages of his illness, are as impatient for his death, as the undertaker who expects to have the care of his funeral; while the other side are very solicitous about his recovery, send every hour to know how he does, and take as much care of him, as a clergyman's wife does of her husband, who has no other fortune than his living. I remember a man with the constitution of a porter, upon whose strength very great odds were laid; but when the person he was pitted against, was expected to die every week, this man shot himself through the head, and the knowing ones were taken in.

Connoisseur.

CHAP.

C H A P. II.

G A M E S T E R S.

Their characters.

THE whole tribe of gamesters may be ranked under two divisions: Every man, who makes carding, dicing, and betting his daily practice, is either a Dupe or a Sharper; two characters equally the objects of envy and admiration. The dupe is generally a person of great fortune and weak intellects,

“ Who will as tenderly be led by th’ nose,
“ As asses are.” *Shakespeare.*

He plays, not that he has any delight in cards and dice, but because it is the fashion; and if whist or hazard are proposed, he will no more refuse to make one at the table, than among a set of hard drinkers he would object drinking his glass in turn, because he is not dry.

There are some few instances of men of sense, as well as family and fortune, who have been dupes and bubbles. Such an unaccountable itch of play has seized them, that they have sacrificed every thing to it, and have seemed wedded to seven’s the main, and the odd trick. There is not a more melancholy object than a gentleman of sense thus infatuated. He makes himself and family a prey to a gang of villains more infamous than highwaymen; and perhaps when his

ruin is completed, he is glad to join with the very scoundrels that destroyed him, and live upon the spoil of others, whom he can draw into the same follies that proved so fatal to himself.

Here we may take a survey of the character of a Sharper; and that he may have no room to complain of foul play, let us begin with his excellencies. You will perhaps be startled, Mr. Town, when I mention the excellencies of a Sharper; but a Gamester, who makes a decent figure in the world, must be endued with many amiable qualities, which would undoubtedly appear with great lustre, were they not eclipsed by the odious character affixed to his trade. In order to carry on the common business of his profession, he must be a man of quick and lively parts, attended with a stoical calmness of temper, and a constant presence of mind. He must smile at the loss of thousands; and is not to be discomposed, tho' ruin stares him in the face. As he is to live among the great, he must not want politeness and affability; he must be submissive, but not servile; he must be master of an ingenuous liberal air, and have a seeming openness of behaviour.

These must be the chief accomplishments of our hero: but lest I should be accused of giving too favourable a likeness of him, now we have seen his outside, let us take a view of his heart. There we shall find avarice the main-spring that moves the whole machine. Every Gamester is eaten up with avarice; and when this passion is in full force, it is more strongly predominant than any other. It conquers even lust; and conquers it more effectually than age. At sixty we look at a fine woman with pleasure, but
when

when cards and dice have engrossed our attention, women and all their charms are slighted at five and twenty. A thorough gamester renounces Venus and Cupid for Plutus and Ames-ace, and owns no mistress of his heart except the queen of Trumps. His insatiable avarice can only be gratified by hypocrisy; so that all those specious virtues already mentioned, and which, if real, might be turned to the benefit of mankind, must be directed in a gamester towards the destruction of his fellow-creatures. His quick and lively parts serve only to instruct and assist him in the most dexterous method of packing the cards and cogging the dice; his fortitude, which enables him to lose thousands without emotion, must often be practised against the stings and reproaches of his own conscience, and his liberal deportment and affected openness is a specious veil to recommend and conceal the blackest villainy.

It is now necessary to take a second survey of his heart; and as we have seen its vices, let us consider its miseries. The covetous man who has not sufficient courage or inclination to encrease his fortune by bets, cards, or dice, but is contented to hoard up thousands by thefts less public, or by cheats less liable to uncertainty, lives in a state of perpetual suspicion and terror; but the avaricious fears of the Gamester are infinitely greater. He is constantly to wear a mask; and like Monsieur St. Croix, *coadjester* to that famous *empoisonneuse*, Madame Brinvillier, if his mask falls off, he runs the hazard of being suffocated by the stench of his own poisons. I have seen some examples of this sort not many years ago at White's. I am uncertain whether the wretches are still alive; but if they are, they

breathe like toads under ground, crawling amidst old walls, and paths long since unfrequented.

But supposing that the Sharper's hypocrisy remains undetected, in what a state of mind must that man be, whose fortune depends upon the insincerity of his heart, the dissingenuity of his behaviour, and the false bias of his dice? What sensations must he suppress, when he is obliged to smile, although he is provoked; when he must look serene in the height of despair; and when he must act the stoic, without the consolation of one virtuous sentiment, or one moral principle. How unhappy must he be even in that situation from which he hopes to reap most benefit; I mean amidst stars, garters, and the various herds of nobility? Their lordships are not always in a humour for play: they chuse to laugh; they chuse to joke; in the meanwhile our hero must patiently await the good hour, and must not only join in the laugh, and applaud the joke, but must humour every turn and caprice to which that set of spoiled children, called bucks of quality, are liable. Surely his brother Thicket's employment, of sauntering on horseback in the wind and rain till the Reading coach passes through Smallberry-green, is the more eligible, and no less honest occupation.

The Sharper has also frequently the mortification of being thwarted in his designs. Opportunities of fraud will not for ever present themselves. The false die cannot be constantly duced, nor the packed cards always be produced upon the table. It is then our Gamester is in the greatest danger. But even then, when he is in the power of fortune, and has nothing but

but mere luck and fair play on his side, he must stand the brunt, and perhaps give away his last guinea, as coolly as he would lend a nobleman a shilling.

Our hero is now going off the stage, and his catastrophe is very tragical. The next news we hear of him is his death, achieved by his own hand, and with his own pistol. An inquest is bribed, he is buried at mid-night, and forgotten before sun-rise.

These two pourtraits of a Sharper, wherein I have endeavoured to shew different likenesses in the same man, puts me in mind of an old print, which I remember at Oxford, of Count Guiscard. At first sight he was exhibited in a full bottom wig, an hat and feather, embroidered cloaths, diamond buttons, and the full court dress of those days; but by pulling a string the folds of the paper were shifted, the face only remained, a new body came forward, and Count Guiscard appeared to be a Devil.

Connoisseur.



CH A P. III.

G E L A S I M U S.

A character.

GELASIMUS passed the first part of his life in academical privacy and rural retirement; without any other conversation than

that of scholars, grave, studious, and abstracted as himself. He cultivated the mathematical sciences with indefatigable diligence, discovered many useful theorems, discussed with great accuracy the resistance of fluids, and, though his priority was not generally acknowledged, was the first who fully explained all the properties of the Catenarian curve.

Learning, when it rises to eminence, will be observed in time, whatever mists may happen to surround it. Gelasimus, in his forty-ninth year, being distinguished by those who have the rewards of knowledge in their hands, was called out of his obscurity to display his acquisitions for the honour of his country, and add dignity by his presence to philosophical assemblies. As he did not suspect his unfitness for common affairs, he felt no reluctance to obey the invitation, and what he did not feel he had yet too much honesty to feign. He entered into the world as a larger and more populous college, where his performances would be more public, and his renown further extended; and imagined that he should find his reputation universally prevalent, and the influence of learning every where the same.

His merit introduced him to splendid tables and elegant acquaintance, but he did not find himself always qualified to join in the conversation. He was distressed by civilities, which he knew not to repay, and entangled in many ceremonial perplexities, from which his books and diagrams could not extricate him. He was sometimes unluckily engaged in disputes with ladies, with whom algebraick axioms had no great weight; and saw many whose favour and esteem

teem he could not but desire, to whom he was very little recommended by his theories of the tides, or his approximations to the quadrature of the circle.

Gelasimus did not want penetration to discover that no charm was more generally irresistible than that of easy facetiousness and flowing hilarity. He saw that diversion was more frequently welcome than improvement, that authority and seriousness were rather feared than loved, and that the grave scholar was a kind of imperious ally, hastily dismissed when his assistance was no longer necessary. He therefore came to a sudden resolution of throwing off those cumbrous ornaments of learning, which, as he imagined, hindered his reception, and commenced a man of wit and jocularity. Utterly unacquainted with every topic of merriment, ignorant of the modes and follies, the vices and virtues of mankind, and unfurnished with any ideas but such as Pappus and Archimedes had given him, he began to silence all enquiries with a jest instead of a solution, extended his face with a grin, which he mistook for a smile, and in the place of a scientific discourse, retailed in a new language formed between the college and the tavern, the intelligence of the news-paper.

Laughter, he knew, was a token of alacrity, and, therefore, whatever he said or heard, he was careful not to fail in that great duty of a wit. If he asked or told the hour of the day, if he complained of heat or cold, stirred the fire, or filled a glass, removed his chair or snuffed a candle, he always found some occasion to laugh. The jest was, indeed, generally a secret to all

but himself; but his habitual confidence in his own discernment, hindered him from suspecting any weakness or mistake. He wondered that his wit was so little understood, but expected that his audience would comprehend it by degrees, and persisted all his life to shew by gross buffoonery, how little the strongest faculties can perform beyond the limits of their own province.

Rambler.



C H A P. IV.

G E N E R O S I T Y.

I CONSIDER a generous mind as the noblest work of the creation, and am persuaded, wherever it resides, no real merit can be wanting. It is, perhaps, the most singular of all the moral endowments: I am sure at least, it is often imputed where it cannot justly be claimed. The meanest self love, under some refined disguise, frequently passes upon common observers for this godlike principle; and I have known many a popular action attributed to this motive, when it flowed from no higher a source than the suggestions of concealed vanity. Good-nature, as it has many features in common with this virtue, is usually mistaken for it: the former, however, is but the effect, possibly, of
a happy

a happy disposition of the animal structure, or, as Dryden somewhere calls it, of a certain "milkeness of blood;" whereas the latter is seated in the mind, and can never subsist where good sense and enlarged sentiments have no existence. It is entirely founded, indeed, upon justness of thought: which, perhaps, is the reason this virtue is so little the characteristic of mankind in general. A man, whose mind is warped by the selfish passions, or contracted by the narrow prejudices of sects or parties; if he does not want honesty, must undoubtedly want understanding. The same clouds that darken his intellectual views, obstruct his moral ones; and his generosity is extremely circumscribed, because his reason is exceedingly limited.

It is the distinguishing pre-eminence of the christian system, that it cherishes this elevated principle in one of its noblest exertions. Forgiveness of injuries, I confess indeed, has been inculcated by several of the heathen moralists; but it never entered into the established ordinances of any religion, till it had the sanction of the great Author of ours. I have often, however, wondered that the antients, who raised so many virtues and affections of the mind into divinities, should never have given a place in their temples to Generosity; unless, perhaps, they included it under the notion of *fides* or *honos*. But surely she might reasonably have claimed a separate altar, and superior rites. A principle of honor may restrain a man from counteracting the social ties, who yet has nothing of that active flame of generosity, which is too powerful to be confined within the humbler boundaries of mere negative duties. True gene-

rosity rises above the ordinary rules of social conduct, and flows with much too full a stream to be comprehended within the precise marks of formal precepts. It is a vigorous principle in the soul, which opens and expands all her virtues far beyond those which are only the forced and unnatural productions of a timid obedience. The man who is influenced singly by motives of the latter kind, aims no higher than at certain authoritative standards, without ever attempting to reach those glorious elevations, which constitute the only true heroism of the social character. Religion, without this sovereign principle, degenerates into slavish fear, and wisdom into a specious cunning; learning is but the avarice of the mind, and wit its more pleasing kind of madness. In a word, generosity sanctifies every passion, and adds grace to every acquisition of the soul; and if it does not necessarily include, at least it reflects a lustre upon the whole circle of moral and intellectual qualities.

Fitzosborne's Letters.

C H A P. XX.

G E N I U S.

S E C T. I.

Not quickly discovered.

A M A N's genius is always, in the beginning of his life, as much unknown to himself as to others; and 'tis only after frequent trials, attended with success, that he dares think himself equal to those undertakings, in which they who have succeeded, have fixed the admiration of mankind. If his own nation be already possess'd of many models of eloquence, he naturally compares his own juvenile exercises with these; and being sensible of the infinite disproportion betwixt them, is discouraged from any farther attempts, and never aims at a rivalry with those authors whom he so much admires. A noble emulation is the source of every excellence. Admiration and modesty naturally extinguish this emulation; and no one is so liable to an excess of admiration and modesty as a truly great genius.

Next to emulation, the greatest encourager of the noble arts is praise and glory. A writer is animated with new force, when he hears the applauses of the world for his former productions; and being roused by such a motive, he oftens reaches a pitch of perfection, which is
equally

equally surprising to himself and to his readers. But when the posts of honour are already occupied, his first attempts are but coldly received by the public; being compared to productions which are both in themselves more excellent, and have already the advantage of an established reputation. Were Moliere and Corneille to bring upon the stage at present their early productions, which were formerly so well received, it would discourage those young poets, to see the indifference and disdain of the Public. The ignorance of the age alone could have given admission to the Prince of Tyre; but 'tis to that we owe the Moor: had Every Man in his Humour rejected, we had never seen Volpone.

Hume's Essays.

S E C T. II.

Genius is nothing without experience.

HOW great soever a Genius may be, and how much soever he may acquire new light and heat, as he proceeds in his rapid course, certain it is, that he will never shine with the full lustre, nor shed the full influence he is capable of, unless to his own experience he adds the experience of other men and other ages. Genius, without the improvement at least of experience, is what comets once were thought to be, a blazing meteor, irregular in his course, and dangerous in his approach, of no use to any system, and able to destroy any. *Bolingbroke.*

S E C T.

S E C T. III.

The advantages and disadvantages of possessing it considered.

THE natural advantages of genius, and a superior understanding, are extremely obvious. One unacquainted with the real state of human affairs, would never doubt of their securing to their possessors the most honourable and important stations among mankind, nor suspect that they could ever fail to place them at the head of all the useful arts and professions.—If he were told this was not the case, he would conclude it must be owing to the folly or wickedness of mankind, or some unhappy concurrence of accidents, that such men were deprived of their natural stations and rank in life.—But in fact it is owing to none of these causes. A superiour degree of reason and understanding is not found to qualify a man either for being a more useful member of society, or more happy in himself.—These talents are usually dissipated in such a way, as renders them of no account, either to the public or the possessor.—This waste of genius exhibits a most astonishing and melancholy prospect. A large library gives a full view of it.—Among the multitude of books of which it is composed, how few engage any one's attention? Such as are addressed to the heart and imagination, such as paint life and manners in just colours and interesting situations, and the very few that give genuine descriptions of nature in any of her forms, are read and admired. But the far more numerous volumes,
productions

productions of the intellectual powers, profound systems and disquisitions of philosophy and theology, are neglected and despised, and remain only as monuments of the pride and impotency of human understanding. Yet many of the inventors of these systems discover the greatest acuteness and depth of genius, half of which exerted on any of the useful or elegant arts of life, would have rendered their names immortal.—But it has ever been the misfortune of philosophical genius to grasp at objects which Providence has placed beyond its reach, and to ascend to general principles and to build systems, without that previous large collection and proper arrangement of facts, which alone can give them a solid foundation.—Notwithstanding this was pointed out by lord Bacon in the fullest and clearest manner, yet no attempts have been made to cultivate any one branch of useful philosophy upon his plan, except by Sir Isaac Newton, Mr. Boyle, and a few others, founders of the Royal Society.—Genius is naturally impatient of restraint, keen and impetuous in its pursuits; it delights therefore in building with materials which the mind contains within itself, or such as the imagination can create at pleasure. But the materials, requisite for the improvement of any useful art or science, must all be collected from without, by such slow and patient observation, as little suits the vivacity of genius, and generally requires more bodily activity than is usually found among philosophers.—Almost the only pure productions of the understanding that have continued to command respect, are those of abstract mathematics. These will always be valuable, independent of their application

tion to the useful arts. The exercise they give to the invention, and the agreeable surprise they excite in the mind, by exhibiting unexpected relations of figures and quantity, are of themselves natural sources of pleasure. This is the only science, the principles of which the philosopher carries in his own mind; infallible principles to which he can safely trust.

Though men of genius cannot bear the fetters of method and system, yet they are the only proper people to plan them out. The genius to lead and direct in philosophy is distinct from, and almost incompatible with, the genius to execute. Lord Bacon was a remarkable instance of this. He brought the systematic method of the schoolmen, which was founded on metaphysical and often nominal subtleties, into deserved contempt, and laid down a method of investigation founded on the justest and most enlarged views of nature, but which neither himself nor succeeding philosophers have chosen to put in strict execution. For the reasons above mentioned, it will be found that scarcely any of the useful arts of life owe their improvements to philosophers. They have been principally obliged to accidental discoveries, or to the happy natural sagacity of their private practitioners, unacquainted with and undebauched by philosophy.—This has in a particular manner been the fate of medicine, the most useful of all those arts. If by medicine be meant the art of preserving health, and restoring it when lost, any man of sense and candor, who has been regularly bred to it, will own that his time has been mostly taken up with enquires into branches of learning, which upon trial he finds utterly
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useless to the main ends of his profession, or wasted in reading useless theories and voluminous explanations and commentaries on these theories; and will ingenuously acknowledge, that every thing useful, which he ever learned from books in the course of many years study, might be taught to any man of common sense and attention in almost as many months, and that two years experience is worth all his library—Medicine in reality owes more to that illiterate enthusiast Paracelsus, than to all the physicians who have wrote since the days of Hippocrates, if we except Dr. Sydenham, who owes his reputation entirely to a great natural sagacity in making observations, and a still more uncommon candor in relating them. What little medical philosophy he had, which was as good as his time afforded, served only to warp his genius and render his writings more perplexed and tiresome.

But what shews in the strongest light at what an awful distance philosophers have usually kept from enquiries of general utility to mankind, is, that agriculture, as a science, is yet only in its infancy.—A mathematician or philosopher, if he happens to possess a farm, does not understand the construction of his cart or plough so well as the fellow who drives them, nor is he so well acquainted with the method of cultivating his ground to the greatest advantage.

Nothing contributes more to deprive the world of the fruits of great parts, than that passion for universal knowledge, so constantly annexed to those who possess them. By means of this the flame of genius is wasted in the endless labour

bour of accumulating promiscuous or useless facts, while it might have enlightened the most useful arts by concentrating its force upon one object. Nothing more effectually checks this dissipation of genius, than the honest love of fame, which prompts a man to appear in the world as an author. This necessarily circumscribes his excursions, and determines the force of his genius into one point. This likewise rescues him from that usual abuse and prostitution of fine parts, the wasting of the greatest part of his time in reading, which is entirely the effect of laziness. Here the mind is in a great measure passive, and becomes surfeited with knowledge which it never digests: the memory is burdened with a load of nonsense and impertinence, while the powers of genius and invention languish for want of exercise.

Having observed the little consequence that a great understanding is generally of to the public, let us next consider the effect it has in promoting the happiness of the individual.—It is very evident that those who devote most of their time to the exercises of the understanding, are far from being the happiest men.—They enjoy indeed the pleasure arising from the pursuit and discovery of truth.—Perhaps too the vanity arising from a consciousness of superior talents makes no inconsiderable part of their happiness.—But there are many natural sources of pleasure from which they are in a great measure cut off.—All the public and social affections, in common with every taste natural to the human mind, if they are not properly exercised, grow languid.—People who devote most of their time
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to the cultivation of their understandings, must of course live retired and abstracted from the world. The social affections (these great sources of happiness) have therefore no play, and consequently lose their natural warmth and vigour. The private and selfish, affections, however are not proportionably reduced. Envy and jealousy, the most tormenting of all passions, prevail remarkably among this rank of men.

When abstraction from company is carried far, it occasions great ignorance of life and manners, and necessarily deprives a man of all those little accomplishments and graces which are essential to polished and elegant society, and which can only be acquired by mixing with the world.—The want of these is often an insuperable bar to the advancement of persons of merit, and proves therefore a frequent source of their disgust to the world, and consequently to themselves; for no man can be happy in himself, who thinks ill of every one around him.—The general complaint of the neglect of merit does not seem to be well founded.—It is unreasonable for any man, who lives detached from society, to complain that his merit is neglected, when he never has made it known. The natural reward of mere genius, is the esteem of those who know and are judges of it. This reward is never withheld.—There is a like unreasonable complaint that little regard is commonly paid to good qualities of the heart. But it should be considered, that the world cannot see into the heart, and can therefore only judge of its goodness by visible effects. There is a natural and proper expression of good affections, which ought always to accompany them, and
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in which true politeness principally consists. This expression may be counterfeited, and so may obtain the reward due to genuine virtue; but where this natural index of a worthy character is wanting, or where there is an outward expression of bad dispositions, the world cannot be blamed for judging from such appearances.

Bad health is another common attendant on great parts, when these parts are exerted, as is usually the case, rather in a speculative than active life.—It is observed that great quickness and vivacity of genius is commonly attended with a remarkably delicacy of constitution, and a peculiar sensibility of the nervous system, and that those, who possess it, seldom arrive at old age.—A sedentary studious life greatly increases this natural weakness of constitution, and brings on that train of nervous complaints and low spirits, which render life a burden to the possessor and useless to the public. Nothing can effectually prevent this but activity, regular exercise, and frequent relaxations of the mind from those keen pursuits it is usually engaged in.—Too assiduous an exertion of the mind on any particular subject, not only ruins the health, but impairs the genius itself; whereas, if the mind be properly unbent by amusements, it always returns to its favourite object with double vigour.

But one of the principal misfortunes of a great understanding, when exerted in a speculative rather than an active sphere, is its tendency to lead the mind into too deep a sense of its own weakness and limited capacity.—It looks into nature with too piercing an eye, discovers every
where

where difficulties never suspected by a common understanding, and finds its progress stopt by obstacles that appear insurmountable. This naturally produces a gloomy and forlorn scepticism, which poisons the chearfulness of the temper, and by the hopeless prospect it gives of improvement, becomes the bane of science and activity. This sceptical spirit, when carried into life, renders men of the best understanding unfit for business. When they examine with the greatest accuracy all the possible consequences of a step they are to make in life, they discover so many difficulties and chances against them, which ever way they go, that they become slow and fluctuating in their resolutions, and undetermined in their conduct. But as the business of life is only a conjectural art, in which there is no guarding against all possible contingencies, a man that would be useful to the public or to himself, must acquire a quickness in perceiving where the greatest probability of good lies, must be decisive in his resolutions, steady and fearless in putting them in execution.

We shall mention, in the last place, among the inconveniences attendant on superior parts, that solitude in which they place a person on whom they are bestowed, even in the midst of society.

Condemned in business or in arts to drudge,
Without a second, and without a judge. POPE.

To the few, who are judges of his abilities, he is an object of jealousy and envy. The bulk of mankind consider him with that awe and distant regard that is inconsistent with confidence and friendship. They will never unbosom themselves

themselves to one they are afraid of, nor lay open their weakness to one they think has none of his own. For this reason we commonly find men of genius have the greatest real affection and friendship for such as are very much their inferiors in point of understanding ; good-natured, unobserving people, with whom they can indulge all their peculiarities and weaknesses without reserve. Men of great abilities therefore who prefer the sweets of social life and private friendship to the vanity of being admired, must carefully conceal their superiority, and bring themselves down to the level of those they converse with. Neither must this seem to be the effect of a designed condescension ; for this is still more mortifying to human pride than the other.

Dr. Gregory's Comparative View of the Faculties of Men with those of Animals.



C H A P. VI.

G H O S T S.

An Opinion concerning them.

IT is remarkable how much the belief of ghosts and apparitions of persons departed, has lost ground within these fifty years. This may perhaps be explained by the general growth of knowledge ; and by the consequent decay of superstition, even in those kingdoms where

where it is most essentially interwoven with religion.

The same credulity, which disposed the mind to believe the miracles of a popish saint, set aside at once the interposition of reason; and produced a fondness for the marvellous, which it was the priest's advantage to promote.

It may be natural enough to suppose that a belief of this kind might spread in the days of popish infatuation. A belief, as much supported by ignorance, as the ghosts themselves were indebted to the night.

But whence comes it, that narratives of this kind have at any time been given, by persons of veracity, of judgment, and of learning? men neither liable to be deceived themselves, nor to be suspected of an inclination to deceive others, though it were their interest; nor who could be supposed to have any interest in it, even though it were their inclination?

Here seems a further explanation wanting than what can be drawn from superstition.

I go upon a supposition, that the relations themselves were false. For as to the arguments sometimes used in this case, that had there been no true shilling there had been no counterfeit, it seems wholly a piece of sophistry. The true shilling here, should mean the living person; and the counterfeit resemblance, the posthumous figure of him. that either strikes our senses or our imagination.

Supposing no ghost then ever appeared, is it a consequence that no man could ever imagine that they saw the figure of a person deceased? Surely those, who say this, little know the force,

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force, the caprice, or the defects, of the imagination.

Persons after a debauch of liquor, or under the influence of terror, or in the deliria of a fever, or in a fit of lunacy, or even walking in their sleep, have had their brain as deeply impressed with chimerical representations, as they could possibly have been, had these representations struck their senses.

I have mentioned but a few instances, wherein the brains is primarily affected. Others may be given, perhaps not quite so common, where the stronger passions, either acute or chronical, have impressed their objects upon the brain; and this in so lively a manner, as to leave the visionary no room to doubt of their real presence.

How difficult then must it be to undeceive a person as to objects thus imprinted? Imprinted absolutely with the same force as their eyes themselves could have portrayed them! And how many persons must there needs be, who could never be undeceived at all!

Some of these causes might not improbably have given rise to the notion of apparitions: and when the notion had been once promulgated, it had a natural tendency to produce more instances.

The gloom of night, that was productive of terror, would be naturally productive of apparitions. The event confirmed it.

The passion of grief for a departed friend, of horror for a murdered enemy, of remorse for a wronged testator, of love for a mistress killed by inconstancy, of gratitude to a wife of long fidelity, of desire to be reconciled to one who

died at variance, of impatience to vindicate what was falsely construed, of propensity to consult with an adviser that is lost.—The more faint as well as the more powerful passions, when bearing relation to a person deceased, have often, I fancy, with concurrent circumstances, been sufficient to exhibit the dead to the living.

But, what is more, there seems no other account that is adequate to the case as I have stated. Allow this, and you have at once a reason, why the most upright may have published a falshood, and the most judicious confirmed an absurdity.

Supposing then that apparitions of this kind may have some real use in God's moral government: Is not any moral purpose, for which they may be employed, as effectually answered on my supposition, as the other? for surely it cannot be of any importance, by what means the brain receives these images. The effect, the conviction, and the resolution consequent, may be just the same in either of the cases.

Such appears, to me at least, to be the true existence of apparitions.

The reasons against any external apparition, among others that may be brought, are these that follow.

They are, I think, never seen by day; and darkness being the season of terror and uncertainty, and the imagination less restrained, they are never visible to more than one person: which had more probably been the case, were not the vision internal.

They have not been reported to have appeared these twenty years. What cause can be assigned,

signed, were their existence real, for so great a change, as their discontinuance?

The cause of superstition has lost ground for this last century; the notion of ghosts has been, together, exploded: A reason why the imagination should be less prone to conceive them; but not a reason why they themselves should cease.

Most of those, who relate that these spectres have appeared to them, have been persons either deeply superstitious in other respects; of enthusiastick imaginations, or strong passions, which are the consequence; or else have allowedly felt some perturbation at the time.

Some few instances may be supposed, where the caprice of imagination, so very remarkable in dreams, may have presented fantasms to those that waked. I believe that there are few but can recollect some, wherein it has wrought mistakes, at least equal to that of a white-horse for a winding sheet.

To conclude. As my hypothesis supposes the chimera to give terror equal to the reality, our best means of avoiding it, is to keep a strict guard over our passions — To avoid intemperance, as he would a charnel-house; and by making frequent appeals to cool reason and common sense, secure to ourselves the property of a well-regulated imagination.

Shenstone.

C H A P. VII.

O F G O O D - H U M O U R .

GOOD-humour to the world, may properly be termed the balm of being, the quality to which all that adorns or elevates mankind must owe its power of pleasing. Without good humour, learning and bravery can to feeble minds be only formidable: it confers that superiority which swells the heart of a lion in the desert, where he roars without reply, and ravages without resistance. Without good-humour, virtue may awe by its dignity, and amaze by its brightness; but must always be viewed at a distance, and will scarcely gain a friend or attract an imitator.

Good-humour may be defined by habit of being pleased, a constant and perennial softness of manner, easiness of approach, and suavity of disposition; like that which every man perceives in himself, when the first transports of new felicity have subsided, and his thoughts are only kept in motion by a slow succession of soft impulses. Good-humour is a state between gaiety and unconcern; the act or emanation of a mind at leisure, to regard the gratification of another.

It is imagined by many, that whenever they aspire to please, they are required to be merry, and to shew the gladness of their souls by flights of pleasantry, and bursts of laughter.

But

But though these men may be for a time, heard with applause and admiration, they seldom delight us long. We enjoy them a little, and then retire to easiness and good-humour, as the eye gazes a while on eminences glittering with the sun, but soon turns aching away to verdure and to flowers.

Gaiety is to good-humour as animal perfumes to vegetable fragrance; the one over-powers weak spirits, and the other recreates and revives them. Gaiety seldom fails to give some pain; the hearers either strain their faculties to accompany its towerings, or are left behind in envy and despair. Good-humour boasts of no faculties which every one does not believe in his own power, and pleases principally by not offending.

It is well known that the most certain way to give any man pleasure, is to persuade him that you receive pleasure from him, to encourage him to freedom and confidence, and to avoid any such appearance of superiority as may overbear and depress him. We see many that by this art only, spend their days in the midst of caresses, invitations, and civilities; and without any extraordinary qualities or attainments, are the universal favourites of both sexes, and certainly find a friend in every place, because they heighten every man's opinion of himself. The darlings of the world will, indeed, be generally found such as neither excite jealousy nor fear, and are not considered as candidates for any eminent degree of reputation, but content themselves with common accomplishments, and endeavour rather to solicit kindness than to raise esteem; therefore in as-

semblies and places of resort it seldom fails to happen, that though at the entrance of some particular person every face brightens with gladness, and every hand is extended in salutation, yet if you pursue him beyond the first exchange of civilities, you will find him of very small importance, and only welcome to the company, as one by whom all conceive themselves admired, and with whom any one is at liberty to amuse himself, when he can find no other auditor or companion, as one with whom all are at ease, who will hear a jest without criticism, and a narrative without contradiction, who laughs with every wit, and yields to ever disputer.

Rambler.



CHAP. VIII.

GOVERNMENT.

Civil government of Great Britain.

A GOVERNMENT may endure for several ages, tho' the balance of power and the balance of property do not agree. This chiefly happens, where any rank or order of the state, has acquired a large share of the property; but, from the original constitution of the government, has no share of the power. Under what pretext would any individual of that order pretend

pretend to intermeddle in public affairs? As men are commonly much attached to their ancient government, it is not to be expected, that the public would ever favour such usurpations. But where the original constitution allows any share of power, though small, to an order of men, who possess a large share of the property, 'tis easy for them gradually to stretch authority and bring the balance of power to coincide with that of property. This has been the case with the House of Commons in England.

Most writers, who have treated of the British government, have supposed, that as the House of Commons represents all the commons of Great Britain; so its weight in the scale is proportioned to the property and power of all whom it represents. But this principle must not be received as absolutely true. For tho' the people are apt to attach themselves more to the House of Commons, than to any other member of the constitution; that house being chosen by them as their representatives, and as the public guardians of their liberty; yet are there instances where the house, even when in opposition to the crown, has not been followed by the people, as we may particularly observe of the Tory House of Commons in the reign of King William. Were the members of the house obliged to receive instructions from their constituents, like the Dutch deputies, this would entirely alter the case; and if such immense power and riches, as those of the whole commons of Britain, were brought into the scale, 'tis not easy to conceive, that the crown could either influence that multitude of people, or

withstand that over balance of property. 'Tis true, the crown has great influence over the collective body of Britain in the election of members ; but were this influence which at present is only exerted once in seven years, to be employed in bringing over the people to every vote, it would soon be wasted ; and no skill, popularity, or revenue, could support it. I must therefore be of opinion that an alteration, in this particular, would introduce a total alteration in our government, and would soon reduce it to a pure republic ; and perhaps, to a republic of no inconvenient form. For tho' the people collected in a body, like the Roman tribes, be quite unfit for government, yet when dispersed in small bodies, they are more susceptible both of reason and order ; the force of popular currents and tides is, in a great measure broke ; and the public interest may be pursued with some method and constancy. But 'tis needless to reason any farther concerning a form of government which is never likely to have a place in Britain, and which seems not to be the aim of any party amongst us. Let us cherish and improve our ancient government as much as possible, without encouraging a passion for such dangerous novelties.

Hume's Essays.

C H A P. II.

G R E A T N E S S.

Domestick Greatness unattainable.

IT has been commonly remarked, that eminent men are least eminent at home, that bright characters lose much of their splendor at a nearer view, and many who fill the world with their fame, excite very little reverence among those that surround them in their domestick privacies.

To blame or to suspect is easy and natural. When the fact is evident, and the cause doubtful, some accusation is always engendered between idleness and malignity. This disparity of general and familiar esteem is therefore imputed to hidden vices, and to practices indulged in secret, but carefully covered from the publick eye.

Vice will indeed always produce contempt. The dignity of Alexander, tho' nations fell prostrate before him, was certainly held in little veneration by the partakers of his midnight revels, who had seen him, in the madness of wine, murder his friend, or set fire to the Persian palace at the instigation of a harlot; and it is well remembered among us, that the avarice of Marlborough kept him in subjection to his wife, while he was dreaded by France as their Con-

queror, and honoured by the emperor as his deliverer.

But though where there is vice there must be want of reverence, it is not reciprocally true, that when there is want of reverence there is always vice. That awe which great actions or abilities impress will be inevitably diminished by acquaintance, tho' nothing either mean or criminal should be found.

Of men, as of every thing else, we must judge according to our knowledge. When we see of a hero only his battles, or of a writer only his books, we have nothing to allay our ideas of their greatness. We consider the one only as the guardian of his country, and the other only as the instructor of mankind. We have neither opportunity nor motive to examine the minuter parts of their lives, or the less apparent peculiarities of their characters; we name them with habitual respect, and forget, what we still continue to know, that they are men like other mortals.

But such is the constitution of the world, that much of life must be spent in the same manner by the wise and the ignorant, the exalted and the low. Men, however distinguished by external accidents or intrinsic qualities, have all the same wants, the same pains, and, as far as the senses are consulted, the same pleasures. The petty cares and petty duties are the same in every station to every understanding, and every hour brings some occasion on which we all sink to the common level. We are all naked till we are dressed, and hungry till we are fed; and the general's triumph, and
sage's

sage's disputation, end, like the humble labours of the smith or plowman, in a dinner or in sleep.

Those notions which are to be collected by reason in opposition to the senses, will seldom stand forward in the mind, but lie treasured in the remoter repositories of memory, to be found only when they are sought. Whatever any man may have written or done, his precepts or his valour will scarcely overbalance the unimportant uniformity which runs thro' his time. We do not easily consider him as great, whom our own eyes shew us to be little; nor labour to keep present to our thoughts the latent excellencies of him who shares with us all our weaknesses and many of our follies; who like us is delighted with slight amusements, busied with trifling employments, and disturbed by little vexations.

Great powers cannot be exerted, but when great exigencies make them necessary. Great exigencies can happen but seldom, and therefore those qualities which have a claim to the veneration of mankind, lie hid, for the most part, like subterranean treasures, over which the foot passes as on common ground, till necessity breaks open the golden cavern.

In the ancient celebrations of victory, a slave was placed on the triumphal car, by the side of the general, who reminded him by a short sentence, that he was a man. Whatever danger there might be left a leader, in his passage to the Capital, should forget the frailties of his nature, there was surely no need of such an admonition; the intoxication could not have continued long; he would have been at home but

a few hours before some of his dependents would have forgot his greatness, and shewn him, that notwithstanding his laurels he was yet a man.

There are some who try to escape this domestic degradation, by labouring to appear always wise or always great ; but he that strives against nature, will for ever strive in vain. To be grave of mien and slow of utterance ; to look with solicitude and speak with hesitation, is attainable at will ; but the shew of wisdom is ridiculous when there is nothing to cause doubt, as that of valour where there is nothing to be feared.

A man who has duly considered the condition of his being, will contentedly yield to the course of things : he will not pant for distinction where distinction would imply no merit, but tho' on great occasions he may wish to be greater than others, he will be satisfied in common occurrences not to be less.

Idler, N^o. 51.

B O O K VIII.

C H A P. I.

H A B I T.

The difficulty of conquering.

TH E R E is nothing which we estimate so fallaciously as the force of our own resolutions, nor any fallacy which we so unwillingly and tardily detect. He that has resolved a thousand times, and a thousand times deserted his own purpose, yet suffers no abatement of his confidence, but still believes himself his own master, and able, by innate vigour of soul, to press forward to his end, through all the obstructions that inconveniences or delights can put in his way.

That this mistake should prevail for a time is very natural. When conviction is present, and temptation out of sight, we do not easily conceive how any reasonable being can deviate from his true interest. What ought to be done while it yet hangs only in speculation, is so plain and certain, that there is no place for doubt; the whole soul yields itself to the predominance of truth, and readily determines to do what, when the time of action comes, will be at last omitted.

I believe most men may review all the lives
that

that have passed within their observation, without remembering one efficacious resolution, or being able to tell a single instance of a course of practice suddenly changed in consequence of a change of opinion, or an establishment of determination. Many indeed alter their conduct, and are not at fifty what they were at thirty, but they commonly varied imperceptibly from themselves, followed the train of external causes, and rather suffered reformation than made it.

It is not uncommon to charge the difference between promise and performance, between profession and reality, upon deep design and studied deceit; but the truth is, that there is very little hypocrisy in the world; we do not so often endeavour or wish to impose on others as on ourselves; we resolve to do right, we hope to keep our resolutions, we declare them to confirm our own hope, and fix our own inconstancy by calling witnesses of our actions; but at last habit prevails, and those whom we invited to our triumph, laugh at our defeat.

Custom is commonly too strong for the most resolute resolver though furnished for the assault with all the weapon of Philosophy. "He that endeavours to free himself from an ill-habit, says Bacon, must not change too much at a time lest he should be discouraged by difficulty; nor too little, for then he will make but slow advances." This is a precept which may be applauded in a book, but will fail in the trial, in which every change will be found too great or too little. Those who have been able to conquer habit, are like those that are
fabled

fabled to have returned from the realms of Pluto.

Pauci, quos æquus amavit

Jupiter, atque ardens evexit ad æthera virtus.

They are sufficient to give hope but not security, to animate the contest but not to promise victory.

Those who are in the power of evil habits, must conquer them as they can, and conquered they must be, or neither wisdom nor happiness can be attained; but those who are not yet subject to their influence, may, by timely caution, preserve their freedom, they may effectually resolve to escape the tyrant, whom they will very vainly resolve to conquer.

Idler.



C H A P. II.

H A L F - P E N N Y.

Its adventures.

S I R,

“ I shall not pretend to conceal from you the illegitimacy of my birth, or the baseness of my extraction: and though I seem to bear the venerable marks of old age, I received my being at Birmingham not six months ago. From thence I was transported, with many

ny of my brethren of different dates, characters and configurations, to a jew pedlar in Duke's-place, who paid for us in specie scarce a fifth part of our nominal and extrinsic value. We were soon after separately disposed of, at a more moderate profit, to coffee-houses, chop-houses, chandlers-shops, and gin-shops. I had not been long in the world, before an ingenious transmutter of metals laid violent hands on me; and observing my thin shape and flat surface, by the help of a little quick silver, exalted me into a shilling. Use however, soon degraded me again to my native low station; and I unfortunately fell into the possession of an urchin just breeched, who received me as a Christmas-box of his god-mother.

“ A love of money is ridiculously instilled into children so early, that before they can possibly comprehend the use of it, they consider it as of great value: I lost therefore, the very essence of my being, in the custody of this hopeful disciple of avarice and folly; and was kept only to be looked at and admired: but a bigger boy after a while snatched me from him, and released me from my confinement.

I now underwent various hardships among his play fellows, and was kicked about, hustled, tossed up, and chucked into holes; which very much battered and impaired me: but I suffered most by the pegging of tops, the marks of which I have borne about me to this day. I was in this state the unwitting cause of rapacity, strife, envy, rancour, malice and revenge, among the little apes of mankind; and became the object and the nurse of those passions which disgrace human nature, while I appeared only to engage children

children in innocent pastimes. At length I was dismissed from their service, by a throw with a barrow woman for an orange.

“ From her it is natural to conclude, I posted to the gin-shop ; where, indeed, it is probable I should have immediately gone, if her husband, a foot soldier, had not wrested me from her, at the expence of a bloody nose, black eye, scratched face, and torn regimentals. By him I was carried to the Mall in St. James’s Park, where I am ashamed to tell how I parted from him—let it suffice that I was soon after safely deposited in a night cellar.

“ From hence I got into the coat pocket of a blood, and remained there with several of my brethren for some days unnoticed. But one evening as he was reeling home from the tavern, he jirked a whole handful of us through a sash window into the dining room of a tradesman, who he remembered had been so unmannerly to him the day before, as to desire payment of his bill. We reposed in soft ease on a fine Turkey-carpet till the next morning, when the maid swept us up ; and some of us were allotted to purchase tea, some to buy snuff, and I myself was immediately trucked away at the door for the sweethearts delight.

“ It is not my design to enumerate every little accident that has befallen me, or to dwell upon trivial and indifferent circumstances, as is the practice of those important egotists, who write narratives, memoirs, and travels. As useless to community as my single self may appear to be, I have been the instrument of much good and evil in the intercourse of mankind : I have contributed no small sum to the revenues of the crown, by my share in each news paper ; and in

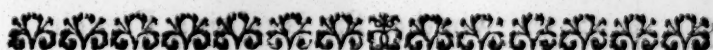
in the consumption of tobacco, spirituous liquors, and other taxable commodities. If I have encouraged debauchery, or supported extravagance; I have also rewarded the labours of industry, and relieved the necessities of indigence. The poor acknowledge me as their constant friend; and the rich, though they affect to slight me, and treat me with contempt, are often reduced by their follies to distresses, which it is even in my power to relieve.

The present exact scrutiny into our constitution has, indeed, very much obstructed and embarrassed my travels; tho' I could not but rejoice in my condition last Tuesday, as I was debarred having any share in maiming, bruising and destroying the innocent victims of vulgar barbarity: I was happy in being confined to the mock encounters with feathers and stuffed leather; a childish sport, rightly calculated to initiate tender minds in acts of cruelty, and prepare them for the exercise of inhumanity on helpless animals.

I shall conclude, Sir, with informing you by what means I came to you in the condition you see. A choice spirit, a member of the kill-care-club, broke a link-boys pate with me last night, as a reward for lighting him across the channel, the lad wasted half his tar flambeau in looking for me, but I escaped his search, being lodged snugly against a post. This morning a parish girl picked me up, and carried me with raptures to the next baker's-shop to purchase a roll. The master who was church-warden, examined me with great attention, and then gruffly threatening her with Bridwell for putting off bad money, knocked a
 nail

nail through my middle, and fastened me to the counter: but the moment the poor hungry child was gone he whipt me up again, and sending me away with others in change to the next customer, gave me this opportunity of relating my adventures to you.

Adventurer.



C H A P. III.

H A R D W O R D S.

S E C T. I.

BUT hard words and uncouth ways of expressing ourselves never appear with so ill a grace as in our common conversation. In writings we expect some degree of exactness and precision; but if even there they seem harsh and disagreeable, when they obstruct the freedom of our familiar chat, they either make us laugh, or put us out of patience. It was imagined by the ancients, that things were called by one name among mortals; and by another among the Gods; in like manner some gentlemen, who would be accounted fine spoken persons, disdain to mention to the most trivial matters in the same terms with the rest of the world; and scarce enquire how you do, or bid you
good

good morrow, in any phrase that is intelligible. It always puts me in pain to find a lady give into this practice: If she makes no blunder, it sets very ungracefully upon her; but it is ten to one, that the rough uncouth syllables, that form these words, are too harsh and big for the pretty creature's mouth, and then she maims them and breaks them to her use so whimsically, that one can scarce tell whether she is talking French or English. I shall make no more reflections on this subject at present, but conclude my paper with a short story.

A merry fellow, who was formerly of the university, going through Cambridge on a journey, took it into his head to call on his old tutor. As it is no great wonder, that pedantry should be found in a college, the tutor used to lard his conversation with numberless hard words and forced derivations from the Latin. His pupil who had a mind to banter the old gentleman on his darling foible, when he visited him, entered his chambers with an huge dictionary under his arm. The first complements were scarce over, before the tutor bolted out a word big enough for the mouth of a Garagantua. Here the pupil begged he would stop a little; and after turning over his dictionary desired him to proceed. The learned gentleman went on, and the pupil seemed to listen with great attention, till another word came out as hard as the former, at which he again interrupted him, and again had recourse to his dictionary. This appears to me the only way of conversing with persons of so pompous elocution; unless we convert the orators themselves into lexions to interpret their own phrases,

phrases, by troubling them to reduce the meaning of their fine speeches into plain English.

Connoisseur.

S E C T. II.

Hard Words defended.

F E W faults of style, whether real or imaginary, excite the malignity of a more numerous class of readers, than the use of hard words.

If an author be supposed to involve his thoughts in voluntary obscurity, and to obstruct, by unnecessary difficulties, a mind eager in pursuit of truth; if he writes not to make others learned, but to boast the learning which he possesses himself, and wishes to be admired rather than understood, he counteracts the first end of writing, and justly suffers the utmost severity of censure, or the more afflictive severity of neglect.

But words are only hard to those who do not understand them, and the critick ought always to enquire, whether he is incommoded by the fault of the writer, or by his own.

Every author does not write for every reader; many questions are such as the illiterate part of mankind can have neither interest nor pleasure in discussing, and which therefore it would be an useless endeavour to level with common minds, by tiresome circumlocutions or laborious explanations; and many subjects of general use may be treated in a different manner, as the book is intended for the learned or the ignorant

ignorant. Diffusion and explication are necessary to the instruction of those who, being neither able nor accustomed to think for themselves, can learn only what is expressly taught; but they who can form parallels, discover consequences, and multiply conclusions, are best pleased with involution of argument and compression of thought; they desire only to receive the seeds of knowledge which they may branch out by their own power, to have the way to truth pointed out which they can then follow without a guide.

The guardian directs one of his pupils "to think with the wise, but speak with the vulgar." This is a precept specious enough, but not always practicable. Difference of thoughts will produce difference of language. He that thinks with more extent than another will want words of larger meaning; he that thinks with more subtilty will seek for terms of more nice discrimination; and where is the wonder, since words are but the images of things, that he who never knew the originals should not know the copies?

Yet vanity inclines us to find faults any where rather than in ourselves. He that reads and grows wiser, seldom suspects his own deficiency; but complains of hard words and obscure sentences, and asks why books are written which cannot be understood.

Among the hard words which are no longer to be used, it has been long the custom to number terms of art. "Every man (says Swift) is more able to explain the subject of an art than its professors; a farmer will tell you, in two words, that he has broken his leg; but a surgeon, after

ter a long discourse, shall leave you as ignorant as you were before." This could only have been said but by such an exact observer of life, in gratification of malignity, or in ostentation of acuteness. Every hour produces instances of the necessity of terms of art. Mankind could never conspire in uniform affectation; it is not but by necessity that every science and every trade has its peculiar language. They that content themselves with general ideas may rest in general terms; but those whose studies or employments force them upon closer inspection, must have names for particular parts, and words by which they may express various modes of combination, such as none but themselves have occasion to consider.

Artists are indeed sometimes ready to suppose that none can be strangers to words to which themselves are familiar, talk to an incidental enquirer as they talk to one another, and make their knowledge ridiculous by injudicious obtrusion. An art cannot be taught but by its proper terms, but it is not always necessary to teach the art.

That the vulgar express their thoughts clearly is far from true; and what perspicuity can be found among them proceeds not from the easiness of their language, but the shallowness of their thoughts. He that sees a building as a common spectator, contents himself with relating that it is great or little, mean or splendid, lofty or low; all these words are intelligible and common, but they convey no distinct or limited ideas; if he attempts, without the terms of architecture, to delineate the parts, or enumerate

rate the ornaments, his narration at once becomes unintelligible. The terms, indeed, generally displease, because they are understood by few; but they are little understood only because few, that look upon an edifice, examine its parts, or analyse its columns into their members.

The state of every other art is the same; as it is cursorily surveyed or accurately examined, different forms of expression become proper. In morality it is one thing to discuss the niceties of the casuist, and another to direct the practice of common life. In Agriculture, he that instructs the farmer to plough and sow, may convey his notions without the words which he would find necessary in explaining to philosophers the process of vegetation; and if he, who has nothing to do but to be honest by the shortest way, will perplex his mind with subtle speculations; or if he whose task is to reap and thrash will not be contented without examining the evolution of the seed and circulation of the sap, the writers whom either shall consult are very little to be blamed, tho' it should sometimes happen that they are read in vain.

Idler, N^o. 70.

C H A P. IV.

H I G H W A Y M A N.

Compared to an Hero.

THE conduct of Bagshot and Alexander had in general the same motives, and the same tendency ; they both sought a private gratification at the expence of others ; and every circumstance in which they differ, is greatly in favour of Bagshot.

Bagshot, when he had lost his last shilling, had lost the power of gratifying every appetite, whether criminal or innocent ; and the recovery of this power, was the object of his expedition.

Alexander when he set out to conquer the world, possessed all that Bagshot hoped to acquire, and more, all his appetites and passions were gratified, as far as the gratification of them was possible ; and as the force of temptation is always supposed proportionably to extenuate guilt, Alexander's guilt was evidently greater than Bagshot's, because it cannot be pretended that his temptation was equal.

But though Alexander could not equally increase the means of his own happiness, yet he produced much more dreadful and extensive evil to society in the attempt. Bagshot killed two men ; and perpetrated the murder with such particulars of cruelty and barbarity, as usually rouses that sensibility which often lies

torpid during narratives of general calamity. Alexander, perhaps, destroyed a million: and whoever reflects, that each individual of this number had some tender attachments which were broken by his death; some parent or wife, with whom he mingled tears in the parting embrace, and who longed with fond solicitude for his return, or perhaps, some infant whom his labour was to feed, and his vigilance protect, will see, that Alexander was more the pest of society than Bagshot, and more deserved a gibbet in the proportion of a million to one.

It may, perhaps, be thought absurd, to enquire into the virtues of Bagshot's character; and yet virtue has never been thought incompatible with that of Alexander. Alexander, we are told, gave proof of his greatness of mind, by his contempt of danger; but as Bagshot's danger was equally voluntary and imminent, there ought to be no doubt but that his mind was equally great. Alexander, indeed, gave back the kingdoms that he won; but after the conquest of a kingdom, what remained for Alexander to give? To a prince, whose country he had invaded with unprovoked hostility, and from whom he had violently wrested the blessings of peace, he gave a dominion over the widows and orphans of those he had slain, the tinsel of dependent greatness, and the badge of royal subjection. And does not Bagshot deserve equal honour, for throwing back a shilling to the man, whose person he had insulted, and whose son he stabbed to the heart? Alexander did not ravish or massacre the women whom he found in the tent of
Darius;

Darius; neither did honest Bagshot kill the gentleman whom he had plundered, when he was no longer able to resist.

If Bagshot, then, is justly dragged to prison, amidst the tumult of rage, menaces, and execrations, let Alexander, whom the lords of reason have extolled for ages, be no longer thought worthy of a triumph.

As the acquisition of honour is frequently a motive to the risque of life, it is of great importance to confer it only upon virtue; and as honour is conferred by the public voice, it is of equal moment to strip those vices of their disguise which have been mistaken for virtue. The wretches who compose the army of a tyrant are associated by folly in the service of rapine and murder; and that men should imagine they were deserving honour by the massacre of each other, merely to flatter ambition with a new title, is, perhaps, as inscrutable a mystery as any that has perplexed reason, and as gross an absurdity as any that has disgraced it. It is not indeed, so much to punish vice, as to prevent misery, that I wish to see it always branded with infamy; for even the successes of vice terminate in the anguish of disappointment. To Alexander, the fruit of all his conquests was tears; and whoever goes about to gratify too intemperate wishes, will labour to as little purpose, as he who would attempt to fill a sieve with water.

Adventurer.

C H A P. V.

H I S T O R Y.

S E C T. I.

Our natural fondness for it, and its true use.

THE love of history seems inseparable from human nature, because it seems inseparable from self-love. The same principle in this instance carries us forward and backward, to future and to past ages. We imagine that the things which affect us, must affect posterity : This sentiment runs through mankind, from Cæsar down to the parish-clerk in Pope's Miscellany. We are fond of preserving, as far as it is in our frail power, the memory of our own adventures, of those of our own time, and of those that preceded it. Rude heaps of stones have been raised, and ruder hymns have been composed, for this purpose, by nations who had not yet the use of arts and letters. To go no further back, the triumphs of Odin were celebrated in Runic songs, and the feats of our British ancestors were recorded in those of their bards. The savages of America have the same custom at this day : and long historical ballads of their hunting and wars are sung at all their festivals. There is no need of saying how this passion grows among all civilized nations, in proportion to the means of gratifying it : but let us observe, that the same principle of nature directs us as strongly, and more generally as well

well as more early, to indulge our own curiosity, instead of preparing to gratify that of others. The child hearkens with delight to the tales of his nurse; he learns to read, and he devours with eagerness fabulous legends and novels. In riper years he applies to history, or to that which he takes for history, to authorized romance: and even in age, the desire of knowing what has happened to other men, yields to the desire alone of relating what has happened to ourselves. Thus history, true or false, speaks to our passions always. What pity is it, that even the best should speak to our understandings so seldom? That it does so, we have none to blame but ourselves. Nature has done her part. She has opened this study to every man who can read and think: and what she has made the most agreeable, reason can make the most useful, application of our minds. But if we consult our reason, we shall be far from following the examples of our fellow-creatures, in this as in most other cases, who are so proud of being rational. We shall neither read to sooth our indolence, nor to gratify our vanity: as little shall we content ourselves to drudge like grammarians and critics, that others may be able to study, with greater ease and profit, like philosophers and statesmen: as little shall we affect the slender merit of becoming great scholars at the expence of groping all our lives in the dark mazes of antiquity. All these mistake the true drift of study, and the true use of history. Nature gave us curiosity to excite the industry of our minds; but she never intended it to be made the principal, much less the sole, object of their application.

cation. The true and proper object of this application, is a constant improvement in private and in publick virtue. An application to any study, that tends neither directly nor indirectly to make us better men, and better citizens, is at best but a specious and ingenious sort of idleness, to use an expression of Tillotson: and the knowledge we acquire is a creditable kind of ignorance, nothing more. This creditable kind of ignorance is, in my opinion, the whole benefit which the generality of men, even of the most learned, reap from the study of history: and yet the study of history seems to me, of all other, the most proper to train us up to private and publick virtue.

We need but to cast our eyes on the world, and we shall see the daily force of example: we need but to turn them inward, and we shall soon discover why example has this force. "*Pauci prudentia, says Tacitus, honesta ab deterioribus, utilia ab noxiis discernunt: plures aliorum eventis docentur.*" Such is the imperfection of human understanding, such the frail temper of our minds, that abstract or general propositions, though never so true, appear obscure or doubtful to us very often, till they are explained by examples; and that the wisest lessons in favour of virtue go but a little way to convince the judgment and determine the will, unless they are enforced by the same means, and we are obliged to apply to ourselves, what we see happen to other men. Instructions by precept have the farther disadvantage of coming on the authority of others, and frequently require a long deduction of reasoning. "*Hominibus amplius oculis quam auribus credunt: longum*

“longum iter est per præcepta, breve & efficax
“per exempla.” The reason of this judgment,
which I quote from one of Seneca’s epistles, in
confirmation of my own opinion, rests I think
on this, That when examples are pointed out to
us, there is a kind of appeal, with which we
are flattered, made to our senses, as well as our
understandings. The instruction comes then
upon our own authority: we frame the
precept after our own experience, and yield to
fact when we resist speculation. But this is
not the only advantage of instruction by ex-
ample; for example appeals not to our under-
standing alone, but to our passions likewise.
Example assuages these, or animates them; sets
passion on the side of judgment, and makes the
whole man of a piece, which is more than the
strongest reasoning and the clearest demonstra-
tion can do; and thus forming habits by repe-
titions, example secures the observance of those
precepts which example insinuates.

Bolingbroke.

C H A P. VI.

H O P E.

Should be indulged with caution.

THERE would certainly be few enterprises of great labour or hazard undertaken, if we had not the power of magnifying the advantages, which we persuade ourselves to expect from them. When the knight of La Mancha gravely recounts to his companion the adventures by which he is to signalize himself in such a manner that he shall be summoned to the support of empires, solicited to accept the heiress of the crown he has preserved, have honours and riches to scatter about him, and an island to bestow on his worthy squire, very few readers, amidst their mirth and their pity, can deny that they have admitted visions of the same kind; though they have not, perhaps, expected events equally strange, or by means equally inadequate.—When we pity him, we reflect on our own disappointments; and when we laugh, our hearts inform us, that he is not more ridiculous than ourselves, except that he tells what we only thought.

The understanding of a man, naturally sanguine, may, indeed, be easily vitiated by the luxurious indulgence of hope, however necessary to the production of every thing great or excellent, as some plants are destroyed by too open exposure to that sun which gives life and beauty to the vegetable world.

Rambler.

C H A P.

C H A P. VII.

H U M A N N A T U R E.

S E C T. I.

Its dignity.

IN forming our notions of human nature, we are very apt to make a comparison betwixt men and animals, which are the only creatures endowed with thought, that fall under our senses. Certainly this comparison is very favourable to mankind; on the one hand, we see a creature, whose thoughts are not limited by any narrow bounds either of place or time, who carries his researches into the most distant regions of this globe, and beyond this globe, to the planets and heavenly bodies; looks backward to consider the first origin of human race; casts his eyes forward to see the influence of his actions upon posterity, and the judgments which will be formed of his character a thousand years hence; a creature, who traces causes and effects to great lengths and intricacy; extracts general principles from particular appearances; improves upon his discoveries, corrects his mistakes, and makes his very errors profitable. On the other hand, we are presented with a creature the very reverse of this; limited in its observations and reasonings to a few sensible objects which surround it; without curiosity, without a foresight, blindly conducted by in-

finct, and arriving in a very short time at its utmost perfection, beyond which it is never able to advance a single step. What a difference is there betwixt these creatures; and how exalted a notion must we entertain of the former, in comparison of the latter! *Hume's Essays.*

S E C T. II.

The operations of Human Nature considered.

WE are composed of a mind and of a body, intimately united, and mutually affecting each other. Their operations indeed are entirely different. Whether the immortal spirit that enlivens this machine is originally of a superior nature in various bodies (which, I own, seems most consistent and agreeable to the scale and order of beings), or, whether the difference depends on a symmetry, or peculiar structure of the organs combined with it, is beyond my reach to determine. It is evidently certain, that the body is curiously formed with proper organs to delight, and such as are adapted to all the necessary uses of life. The spirit animates the whole; it guides the natural appetites, and confines them within just limits. But, the natural force of this spirit is often immersed in matter; and the mind becomes subservient to passions, which it ought to govern and direct. Your friend Horace, although of the Epicurean doctrine, acknowledges this truth, where he says,

Atque affigit humo divinæ particulam auræ.

It

It is no less evident, that this immortal spirit has an independent power of acting, and, when cultivated in a proper manner, seemingly quits the corporeal frame within which it is imprisoned, and soars into higher, and more spacious regions; where, with an energy which I had almost said was divine, it ranges among those heavenly bodies that in this lower world are scarce visible to our eyes; and we can at once explain the distance, magnitude, and velocity of the planets, and can foretel, even to a degree of minuteness, the particular time when a comet will return, and when the sun will be eclipsed in the next century. These powers certainly evince the dignity of human nature, and the surprising effects of the immaterial spirit within us, which in so confined a state can thus disengage itself from the fetters of matter. It is from this pre-eminence of the soul over the body, that we are enabled to view the exact order and curious variety of different beings; to consider and cultivate the natural productions of the earth; and to admire and imitate the wise benevolence which reigns throughout the sole system of the universe. It is from hence, that we form moral laws for our conduct. From hence we delight in copying that Great Original, who in his essence, is utterly incomprehensible, but, in his influence, is powerfully apparent to every degree of his creation. From hence too, we perceive a real beauty in virtue, and a distinction between good and evil. Virtue acts with the utmost generosity, and with no view to her own advantage :

while Vice, like a glutton, feeds herself enormously, and then is willing to disgorge the nauseous offals of her feast.

Orrery.



CH A P. VIII.

H U S B A N D.

The character of a good one described.

THE Good Husband is one, who, wedded not by interest but by choice, is constant as well from inclination as from principle: he treats his wife with delicacy as a woman, with tenderness as a friend: he attributes her follies to her weakness, her imprudence to her inadvertency; he passes them over therefore with good-nature, and pardons them with indulgence: all his care and industry are employed for her welfare; all his strength and power are exerted for her support and protection; he is more anxious to preserve his own character and reputation, because her's is blended with it: lastly, the good husband is pious and religious, that he may animate her faith by his practice, and enforce the precepts of christianity by his own example: that, as they join to promote each other's happiness in this world, they may unite to insure eternal joy and felicity in that which is come.

Franklin's Sermons.

BOOK

B O O K IX.

C H A P. I.

J E A L O U S Y.

S E C T. I.

Excludes happiness from life.

THE Asiatic manners are as destructive to friendship as to love. Jealousy excludes men from all intimacies and familiarities. No man dares bring his friend to his house or table, lest he brings a lover to his numerous wives. Hence all over the East, each family is as separate from one another, as if they were so many distinct kingdoms. No wonder then, that Solomon, living like an eastern prince, with his seven hundred wives, and three hundred concubines, without one friend, could write so pathetically concerning the vanity of this world. Had he tried the secret of one wife or mistress, a few friends, and a great many companions, he might have found life somewhat more agreeable. Destroy love and friendship, what remains in the world worth accepting?

To

To render polygamy more odious, I need not recount the frightful effects of jealousy, and the constraints in which it holds the fair sex all over the East. In those countries men are not allowed to have any commerce with the females, not even physicians, when sickness may be supposed to have extinguished all wanton passions in the bosoms of the fair, and at the same time has rendered them unfit objects of desire. Tournefort tells us, that when he was brought into the grand signior's seraglio as a physician, he was not a little surprized, in looking along a gallery, to see a great number of naked arms, standing out from the sides of the room. He could not imagine what this could mean, till he was told, that those arms belonged to bodies which he must cure, without knowing any more about them, than what he could learn from the arms. He was not allowed to ask a question of the patient, nor even of her attendants, lest he might find it necessary to enquire concerning circumstances, which the delicacy of the seraglio allows not to be revealed. Hence the physicians in the eastern countries, pretend to know all diseases from the pulse; as our quacks in Europe undertake to cure a person merely from seeing his water. I suppose had Monsieur Tournefort been of this latter kind, he would not, in Constantinople, have been allowed by the jealous Turks to be furnished with materials for exercising his art.

Hume's Essays.

S E C T. II.

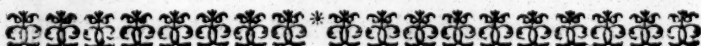
Is natural to Spain.

IT will perhaps appear strange, that in an European country, where polygamy is not allowed, jealousy can yet be carried to such a height, that it is indecent so much as to suppose that a woman of rank can have feet or legs. A Spaniard is jealous at the very thoughts of those who approach his wife; and, if possible, will prevent his being dishonoured even by the wantonness of imagination. Witness the following story, which we have from very good authority.

When the mother of the late king of Spain was on her road towards Madrid, she past through a little town in Spain famous for its manufactory of gloves and stockings. The honest magistrates of the place thought they could not better express their joy on the reception of their new queen, than by presenting her with a sample of those commodities, for which alone their town was remarkable. The major-domo who conducted the queen received the gloves very graciously: but when the stockings were presented, he flung them away with great indignation, and severely reprimanded the magistrates for this egregious piece of indecency: "Know, says he, that a queen of Spain has no legs." The poor young queen, who at that time understood the language but very imperfectly, and had been often frightened with stories of Spanish jealousy, imagined that they were to cut off her legs. Upon which she fell a-crying, and begged them
to

to conduct her to Germany ; for that she never could endure that operation : and it was with some difficulty they could appease her. Philip IV. is said never in his life to have laughed heartily, but at the recital of this story.

If a Spanish lady must not be supposed to have legs, what must be supposed of a Turkish lady ? She must not be supposed to have a being at all. Accordingly 'tis esteemed a piece of rudeness and indecency at Constantinople, ever to make mention of a man's wife before him. In Europe, 'tis true, fine-bred people make it also a rule never to talk of their wives ; but the reason is not founded on our jealousy : I suppose it is because we should be apt, were it not for this rule, to become troublesome to company, by talking too much of them. *Hume's Essays.*



C H A P. II.

I L L - H U M O U R.

Causes and Ridicule of it.

NO disease of the mind can more fatally disable it from that intercourse of benevolence, which is one of the chief duties of social beings, than ill-humour or peevishness ; for though it breaks not out in paroxysms of outrage, nor bursts into clamour, turbulence, and bloodshed, yet it supplies the deficiency of violence by its frequency, and wears out happiness by slow corrosion, and small injuries incessantly repeated. It may be considered

ed as the canker of life, that destroys its vigour, and checks its improvement, that creeps on with hourly depredations, and taints and vitiates what it cannot consume.

Peevishness, when it has been so far indulged, as to outrun the motions of the will, and discover itself without premeditation, is a species of depravity in the highest degree disgusting and offensive, because no caution or regularity, no rectitude of intention, nor softness of address, can ensure a moment's exemption from affront and indignity. While we are courting the favour of a peevish man, while we are making the warmest offers of service, or exerting ourselves in the most diligent civility, an unlucky syllable displeases, an unheeded circumstance ruffles and exasperates; and in the moment when we congratulate ourselves upon having gained a friend, we have the mortification of finding all our endeavours frustrated in a moment, and all our assiduity forgotten in the casual tumult of some trifling irritation.

This troublesome impatience is sometimes nothing more than the symptom of some deeper malady. He that is angry without daring to confess his resentment, or sorrowful without the liberty of telling his grief, is too frequently inclined to give vent to the fermentations of his mind at the first passages that are opened, and to let his passions boil over upon those whom accidents throw in his way. A painful and tedious course of sickness frequently produces such a quick sensibility, such an alarming apprehension of any increase of uneasiness, as keeps the soul perpetually on the watch, to prevent or repel any thing from which inconvenience is felt or feared, such a restless and
incessant

incessant solicitude as no care, no tenderness can appease, and can only be pacified by the cure of the distemper, and the removal of that pain by which it is excited.

Nearly approaching to this weakness, is the captiousness of old age: when the strength is crushed, the senses dulled, and the common pleasures of life become insipid by repetition, we are willing to impute the uneasiness of our condition to causes not wholly out of our power, and please ourselves with fancying that we suffer by neglect, or unkindness, or any evil which admits a remedy, rather than by the decays of nature, which cannot be prevented, delayed, or repaired. We therefore revenge our pains upon those on whom we resolve to charge them; and too often drive mankind away at the time we have the greatest need of kindness and assistance.

But though peevishness may sometimes claim our compassion, as the consequence or concomitant of misery, it is very often sound, where nothing can justify or excuse its admission. It is often one of the attendants on prosperity, employed by insolence in exacting homage, and by tyranny in harrassing subjection. It is frequently the offspring of idleness and pride; of idleness anxious for trifles; and pride unwilling to endure the least obstruction of her wishes. Those who have lived in solitude, indeed, naturally contract this unsocial quality; because, having long had only themselves to please, they do not readily depart from their own inclinations; their singularities therefore are only blameable, when they have imprudently or morosely withdrawn themselves from the world; but there are others, who have,
without

without any necessity, nursed up this habit in their minds, by making implicit submissiveness the condition of their favour, and suffering none to approach them, but those who watch their eyes, and observe their nods, who never speak but to applaud, or move but to obey.

He that gives himself up to his own fancy, and converses with none but such as he hires to lull him in the down of absolute authority, to sooth him with obsequiousness, and regale him with flattery, soon grows too slothful for the labour of contest, too tender for the asperity of contradiction, and too delicate for the coarseness of truth. A little opposition offends, a little restraint enrages, and a little difficulty perplexes him: for a man, who has been accustomed to see every thing give way to his humour and his choice, soon forgets his own littleness, and expects to find the world rolling at his back, and all mankind employed to accommodate and delight him. *Rambler.*



C H A P. III.

I M P U D E N C E.

S E C T. I

Compared with modesty.

AS impudence, though really a vice, has the same effect upon a man's fortune, as if it were a virtue; so we may observe, that it is almost

almost as difficult to be attained, and is, in that respect, distinguished from all the other vices, which are acquired with little pains, and continually encrease upon indulgence. Many a man being sensible that modesty is extremely prejudicial to him in the making his fortune, has resolved to be impudent, and to put a bold face upon the matter: but 'tis observable that such people have seldom succeeded in the attempt, but have been obliged to relapse into their primitive modesty. Nothing carries a man through the world like a true genuine natural impudence. Its counterfeit is good for nothing, nor can ever support itself. In other attempts, whatever faults a man commits and is sensible of, he is so much the nearer his end. But when he endeavours at impudence, if he ever failed in the attempt, the remembrance of that failure will make him blush, and will infallibly disconcert him: after which every blush is a cause for new blushes, 'till he is found out to be an arrant cheat, and a vain pretender to impudence.

If any thing can give a modest man more assurance, it must be some advantages of fortune, which chance procures to him. Riches naturally gain a man a favourable reception in the world, and give merit a double lustre when a person is endowed with it, and supply its place in a great measure when its absent. 'Tis wonderful to observe what airs of superiority fools and knaves, with large possessions, give themselves above men of the greatest merit in poverty. Nor do the men of merit make any strong opposition to these usurpations, or rather seem to favour them by the modesty of their behaviour. Their good sense and experience

perience make them diffident of their judgment, and cause them to examine every thing with the greatest accuracy: as, on the other hand, the delicacy of their sentiments makes them timorous lest they commit faults, and lose in the practice of the world that integrity of virtue, so to speak, of which they are so jealous. To make wisdom agree with confidence, is as difficult as to reconcile vice and modesty.

Hume's Essays.

S E C T. II.

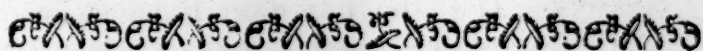
The origin of Impudence and Modesty: an Allegory.

JUPITER, in the beginning, joined Virtue, Wisdom, and Confidence together; and Vice, Folly, and Diffidence. Thus connected, he sent them into the world. But though he thought he had matched them with great judgment, and that Confidence was the natural companion of Virtue, and that Vice deserved to be attended with Diffidence, they had not gone far before dissensions arose among them. Wisdom, who was the guide of the one company, was always accustomed before she ventured upon any road, however beaten, to examine it carefully; to enquire whither it led; what dangers, difficulties, and hindrances might possibly or probably occur in it. In these deliberations she usually consumed some time; which delay was very displeasing to Confidence, who was always inclined to hurry on, without much forethought or deliberation, in the first road he met. Wisdom and Virtue were inseparable: but Confidence one day, following his impetuous nature, advanced a considerable

considerable way before his guides and companions; and not feeling any want of their company, he never enquired after them, nor ever met with them more. In like manner the other society, though joined by Jupiter, disagreed and separated. As Folly saw very little before her, she had nothing to determine concerning the goodness of roads, nor could give the preference to one above another; and this want of resolution was encreased by Diffidence, who, with her doubts and scruples, always retarded the journey. This was a great annoyance to Vice, who loved not to hear of difficulties and delays, and was never satisfied without his full career, in whatever his inclination led him to. Folly, he knew, though she hearkened to Diffidence, would be easily managed when alone; and therefore, as a vicious horse throws his rider, he openly beats away this controller of all his pleasures, and proceeded in his journey with Folly, from whence he is inseparable. Confidence and Diffidence being, after this manner, both thrown loose from their respective companions, wandered for some time, till at last chance led them at the same time to one village. Confidence went directly up to the great house, which belonged to Wealth, the lord of the village; and without staying for a porter, intruded himself immediately into the innermost apartments, where he found Vice and Folly well received before him. He joined the train, recommended himself very quickly to his landlord, and entered into such familiarity with Vice, that he was enlisted in the same company with Folly. They were frequent guests of Wealth, and from that moment inseparable.

Diffidence,

Diffidence, in the mean time, not daring to approach the great house, accepted of an invitation from Poverty, one of the tenants; and entering the cottage, found Wisdom and Virtue, who being repulsed by the landlord, had retired thither. Virtue took compassion of her, and Wisdom found from her temper, that she would easily improve; so they admitted her into their society. Accordingly by their means, she altered in a little time somewhat of her manners, and becoming much more amiable and engaging, was now called by the name of Modesty. As ill company has a greater effect than good, Confidence, though more refractory to counsel and example, degenerated so far by the society of Vice and Folly, as to pass by the name of Impudence. Mankind, to whose society Jupiter first joined them, knowing nothing of these mutual desertions, are thereby led into strange mistakes; and wherever they see Impudence, make account of Virtue and Wisdom, and wherever they observe Modesty, call her attendants Vice and Folly. *Hume's Essays.*



C H A P. IV.

I N J U R I E S.

Forgiveness of them contributes to our own Ease.

NOTHING is more apparent than that, however injured or however provoked, some must at last be contented to forgive. For
it

it can never be hoped, that he who first commits an injury, will contentedly acquiesce in the penalty required: the same haughtiness of contempt and vehemence of desire that prompt the act of injustice, will more strongly incite its justification: and resentment can never so exactly balance the punishment with the fault, but there will remain an overplus of vengeance, which even he who condemns his first action will think himself entitled to retaliate. What then can ensue but a continual exacerbation of hatred and unextinguishable feud, an incessant reciprocation of mischief, a mutual vigilance to entrap, and eagerness to destroy.

Since then the imaginary right of vengeance must be at last remitted, because it is impossible to live in perpetual hostility, and equally impossible that of two enemies, either should first think himself obliged by justice to submission, it is surely eligible to forgive early. Every passion is more easily subdued before it has been long accustomed to possession of the heart; every idea is obliterated with less difficulty as it has been more slightly impressed, and less frequently renewed. He who has often brooded over his wrongs, pleased himself with schemes of malignity, and glutted his pride with the fancied supplications of humbled enmity, will not easily open his bosom to amity and reconciliation, or indulge the gentle sentiment of benevolence and peace.

It is easiest to forgive, while there is little to be forgiven. A single injury may be soon dismissed from the memory; but a long succession of ill offices by degrees associates itself with
every

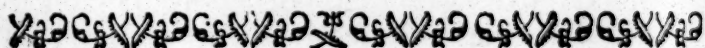
every idea, a long contest involves so many circumstances, that every place and action will recal it to the mind, and fresh remembrance of vexation must still enkindle rage, and irritate revenge.

A wise man will make haste to forgive, because he knows the true value of time, and will not suffer it to pass away in unnecessary pain. He that willingly suffers the corrosions of inveterate hatred, and gives up his days and nights to the gloom of malice, and perturbations of stratagem, cannot surely be said to consult his ease. Resentment is a union of sorrow with malignity, a combination of a passion which all endeavour to avoid, with a passion which all concur to detest. The man who retires to meditate mischief, and to exasperate his own rage; whose thoughts are employed only on means of distress and contrivances of ruin; whose mind never pauses from the remembrance of his own sufferings, but to indulge some hope of enjoying the calamities of another, may justly be numbered among the most miserable of human beings; among those who are guilty without reward, who have neither the gladness of prosperity, nor the calm of innocence.

Whoever considers the weakness both of himself and others, will not long want persuasives to forgiveness. We know not to what degree of malignity any injury is to be imputed; or how much its guilt, if we were to inspect the mind of him that committed it, would be extenuated by mistake, precipitance or negligence; we cannot be certain how much more

we feel than was intended to be inflicted, or how much we encrease the mischief to ourselves by voluntary aggravations. We may charge to design the effects of accident; we may think the blow violent only because we have made ourselves delicate and tender; we are on every side in danger of error and guilt, which we are certain to avoid only by speedy forgiveness.

Rambler.



C H A P. V.

I N S E C T S.

Cruelty towards them should be discouraged.

I Deem it a sort of cruelty to suffer insects to be destroyed. I should scarce dare to acknowledge this weakness (as the generality of the world, no doubt, would call it) had I not experienced, by many agreeable instances, that I may safely lay open to you every sentiment of my heart. To confess the truth then, I have some scruples with respect to the liberty we assume in the *unlimited* destruction of these lower order of existence. I know not upon what principle of reason and justice it is, that mankind

mankind have founded their right over the lives of every creature that is placed in a subordinate rank of being to themselves. Whatever claim they may have in right of food and self-defence, did they extend their privilege no farther than those articles would reasonably carry them, numberless beings might enjoy their lives in peace, who are now deprived of them by the most wanton and unnecessary cruelties. I cannot, indeed, discover why it should be thought less inhuman to crush to death a harmless insect, whose single offence is that he eats the food which nature has prepared for his sustenance, than it would be, were I to kill any more bulky creature for the same reason. There are few tempers so hardened to the impressions of humanity, as not to shudder at the thought of the latter; and yet the former is universally practised without the least check of compassion. This seems to arise from the gross error of supposing, that every creature is really in itself contemptible, which happens to be cloathed with a body infinitely disproportionate to our own; not considering that *great* and *little* are merely relative terms. But the inimitable Shakespear would teach us, that

the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corp'ral suff'rance feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

And this is not thrown out in the latitude of poetical imagination, but supported by the discoveries of the most improved philosophy: for there is every reason to believe that the sensations of many insects are as exquisite as

K 2

those

those of creatures of far more enlarged dimensions ; perhaps even more so. The Millepedes, for instance, rolls itself round, upon the slightest touch ; and the snail gathers in her horns upon the least approach of your hand. Are not these the strongest indications of *their* sensibility ? and is it any evidence of *ours*, that we are not therefore induced to treat them with a more sympathizing tenderness ?

I was extremely pleased with a sentiment I met with the other day in honest Montaigne. That good-natured author remarks, that there is a certain general claim of kindness and benevolence which every species of creatures has a right to from us. It is to be regretted that this generous maxim is not more attended to, in the affair of education, and pressed home upon tender minds in its full extent and latitude. I am far, indeed, from thinking that the early delight which children discover in tormenting flies, &c. is a mark of any *innate* cruelty of temper ; because this turn may be accounted for upon other principles, and it is entertaining unworthy notions of the Deity to suppose he forms mankind with a propensity to the most detestable of all dispositions. But most certainly, by being unrestrained in sports of this kind, they may acquire by habit, what they never would have learned from nature, and grow up into a confirmed inattention to every kind of suffering but their own. Accordingly the supreme court of judicature at Athens thought an instance of this sort not below its cognizance, and punished a boy for putting out the

the eyes of a poor bird, that had unhappily fallen into his hands.

It might be of service therefore, it should seem, in order to awaken as early as possible in children an extensive sense of humanity, to give them a view of several sorts of insects as they may be magnified by the assistance of glasses, and to shew them that the same evident marks of wisdom and goodness prevail in the formation of the minutest insect, as in that of the most enormous Leviathan: that they are equally furnished with whatever is necessary, not only to the preservation, but the happiness of their beings in that class of existence to which Providence has assigned them: in a word, that the whole construction of their respective organs distinctly proclaims them the objects of divine benevolence, and therefore that they justly ought to be so of ours.

Fitzosborne's Letters.

C H A P. VI.

I R R E S O L U T I O N.

*Hurtful to the best character: Exemplified in the case
of ALIGER.*

ALIGER entered the world a youth of lively imagination, extensive views, and untainted principles. His curiosity incited him to range from place to place, and try all the varieties of conversation; his elegance of address and fertility of ideas gained him friends wherever he appeared; or at least he found the general kindness of reception always shown to a young man whose birth and fortune give him a claim to notice, and who has neither by vice or folly destroyed his privileges. Aliger was pleased with the general smile of mankind, and being naturally gentle and flexible was industrious to preserve it by compliance and officiousness, but did not suffer his desire of pleasing to vitiate his integrity. It was his established maxim, That a promise is never to be broken; nor was it without long reluctance that he once suffered himself to be drawn away from a festal engagement by the importunity of another company. He spent the evening, as is usual in the rudiments of vice, with perturbation and imperfect enjoyment, and met his disappointed friends in the morning, with confusion and excuses. His companions, not accustomed to such scrupulous anxiety,

anxiety, laughed at his uneasiness, compounded the offence for a bottle, gave him courage to break his word again, and again levied the penalty. He ventured the same experiment upon another society, and found them equally ready to consider it as a venial fault, always incident to a man of quickness and gaiety; till by degrees, he began to think himself at liberty to follow the last invitation, and was no longer shocked at the turpitude of falshood. He made no difficulty to promise his presence at distant places, and if littleness happened to creep upon him, would sit at home with great tranquility; and has often, while he sunk to sleep in a chair, held ten tables in continual expectation of his entrance.

He found it so pleasant to live in perpetual vacancy, that he soon dismissed his attention as an useless incumbrance, and resigned himself to carelessness and dissipation, without any regard to the future or the past, or any other motive of action than the impulse of a sudden desire, or the attraction of immediate pleasure. The absent were immediately forgotten, and the hopes or fears felt by others, had no influence upon his conduct. He was in speculation compleatly just, but never kept his promise to a creditor; he was benevolent, but always deceived those friends whom he undertook to patronize or assist; he was prudent, but suffered his affairs to be embarrassed for want of settling his accounts at stated times. He courted a young lady, and when the settlements were drawn, took a ramble into the country on the day appointed to sign them. He resolved to travel, and sent his chests on ship-board, but delayed to follow them till he lost his passage. He was summoned as an

evidence in a cause of great importance, and loitered on the way till the trial was past. It is said, that when he had with great expence formed an interest in a borough, his opponent contrived by some agents, who knew his temper, to lure him away on the day of election. His benevolence draws him into the commission of a thousand crimes, which others, less kind or civil, would escape. His courtesy invites application, his promises produce dependence; he has his pockets filled with petitions which he intends some time to deliver and enforce, and his table covered with letters of request, with which he purposes to comply; but time slips imperceptibly away, while he is either idle or busy; his friends lose their opportunities, and charge upon him their miscarriages and calamities. This character, however contemptible, is not peculiar to Aliger. They whose activity of imagination is often shifting the scenes of expectation, are frequently subject to such sallies of caprice as make all their actions fortuitous, destroy the value of their friendship, obstruct the efficacy of their virtues, and set them below the meanest of those that persist in their resolutions, execute what they design, and perform what they have promised. *Rambler.*

C H A P. VII.

OF BRITISH JURIES.

Their nature.

THE method of trials by juries is generally looked upon as one of the most excellent branches of our constitution. In theory it certainly appears in that light. According to the original establishment, the jurors are to be men of competent fortunes in the neighbourhood; and are to be so avowedly indifferent between the parties concerned, that no reasonable exception can be made to them on either side. In treason the person accused has a right to challenge five-and-thirty, and in felony twenty, without shewing cause of challenge. Nothing can be more equitable. No prisoner can desire a fairer field. But the misfortune is, that our juries are often composed of men of mean estates and low understandings, and many difficult points of law are brought before them, and submitted to their verdict, when perhaps they are not capable of determining properly and judiciously, such nice matters of justice, although the judges of the court explain the nature of the case, and the law which arises upon it. But if they are not defective in knowledge, they are sometimes, I fear, from their station and indigence, liable to corruption. This indeed is an objection more to the privi-

lege lodged with juries, than to the institution itself. The point most liable to objection is the power, which any one, or more of the twelve have to starve the rest into a compliance with their opinion; so that the verdict may possibly be given by strength of constitution, not by conviction of conscience; and wretches hang that jurymen may dine.

Orrery.



C H A P. VIII.

J U S T I C E.

Its nature and real import defined.

MA N K I N D in general are not sufficiently acquainted with the import of the word Justice: it is commonly believed to consist only in a performance of those duties to which the laws of society can oblige us. This, I allow, is sometimes the import of the word, and in this sense justice is distinguished from equity; but there is a justice still more extensive, and which can be shewn to embrace all the virtues united.

Justice may be defined, that virtue which impels us to give to every person what is his due. In this extended sense of the word, it comprehends the practice of every virtue which reason prescribes, or society should expect. Our duty

to

to our Maker, to each other, and to ourselves, are fully answered, if we give them what we owe them. Thus justice, properly speaking, is the only virtue: and all the rest have their origin in it.

The qualities of candour, fortitude, charity, and generosity, for instance, are not in their own nature virtues; and, if ever they deserve the title, it is owing only to justice, which impels and directs them. Without such a moderator, candour might become indiscretion, fortitude obstinacy, charity imprudence, and generosity mistaken profusion.

A disinterested action, if it be not conducted by justice, is, at best, indifferent in its nature, and not unfrequently even turns to vice. The expences of society, of presents, of entertainments, and the other helps to chearfulness, are actions merely indifferent, when not repugnant to a better method of disposing of our superfluities; but they become vicious when they obstruct or exhaust our abilities from a more virtuous disposition of our circumstances.

True generosity is a duty as indispensibly necessary as those imposed on us by law. It is a rule imposed on us by reason, which should be the sovereign law of a rational being. But this generosity does not consist in obeying every impulse of humanity, in following blind passion for our guide, and impairing our circumstances by present benefactions, so as to render us incapable of future ones.

Goldsmith's Essays.

B O O K X.

C H A P. I.

K I L L I N G T I M E.

THE necessity of erecting ourselves to some degree of intellectual dignity, and of preserving some resource of pleasure, which may not be wholly at the mercy of accident, is never more apparent than when we turn our eyes upon those whom fortune has let loose to their own conduct; who not being chained down by their condition to a regular and stated allotment of their hours, are obliged to find themselves business or diversion; and having nothing within that can either entertain or employ them, are compelled to try all the arts of destroying time.

The numberless expedients practised by this class of mortals to alleviate the burthen of life, is not less shameful, nor perhaps much less pitiable, than those to which a trader on the edge of bankruptcy is reduced. I have seen melancholy overspread a whole family at the disappointment of a party for cards, and after the proposal of a thousand different schemes to supply the loss, and the dispatch of the footman upon a hundred messages, they have submitted with gloomy resignation to the inevitable misfortune

fortune of passing one evening in conversation with each other: But on a sudden, such are the revolutions of the world, an unexpected visitor has brought them relief, acceptable as provision to a starving city, and enabled them to hold out till the next day.

The general remedy of those, who are uneasy without knowing the cause, is a change of place; they are always willing to imagine that their pain is the consequence of some local inconvenience, and endeavour to fly from it, as children from their shadows; always hoping for more satisfactory delight from every new scene of diversion, and always returning home with disappointment and complaints.

I cannot look upon this kind of infatuation, without reflecting on those that suffer under the dreadful symptom of canine madness, termed by physicians the hydrophobia, or dread of water. These miserable wretches, when they are unable to drink, though burning with thirst, are sometimes known to try various contortions, or inclinations of the body, flattering themselves that they can swallow in one posture that liquor, which they find in another to repel their lips.

Yet such folly is not peculiar to the thoughtless or the ignorant, but sometimes seizes those minds which seem most exempted from it, by the variety of their attainments, the quickness of their penetration, or the severity of their judgment; and, indeed, the pride of wit and knowledge is often mortified by finding, that they can confer no security against the common errors, which mislead the weakest and meanest of mankind.

Rambler.

CHAP.

C H A P. II.

K N O W L E D G E.

S E C T. I.

Of Self necessary beyond every other branch.

AMONG the precepts, or aphorisms, admitted by general consent, and inculcated by frequent repetition, there is none more famous among the masters of ancient wisdom, than that compendious lesson, “ Be acquainted with thyself ;” ascribed by some to an oracle, and by others to Chilo of Lacedemon.

This is, indeed, a dictate, which, in the whole extent of its meaning, may be said to comprise all the speculation requisite to a moral agent. For what more can be necessary to the regulation of life, than the knowledge of our original, our end, our duties, and our relation to other beings ?

It is however very improbable that the first author, whoever he was, intended to be understood in this unlimited and complicated sense ; for of the inquiries, which, in so large an acceptance, it would seem to recommend, some are too extensive for the powers of man, and some require light from above, which was not yet indulged to the heathen world.

We might have had more satisfaction concerning the original import of this celebrated sentence, if history had informed us, whether
it

it was uttered as a general instruction to mankind, or as a particular caution to some private enquirer ; whether it was applied to some single occasion, or laid down as the universal rule of life.

There will occur, upon the slightest consideration, many possible circumstances, in which this monition might very properly be enforced ; for every error in human conduct must arise from ignorance in ourselves, either perpetual or temporary ; and happen either because we do not know what is best and fittest, or because knowledge is at the time of action not present to the mind.

When a man employs himself upon remote and unnecessary subjects, and wastes his life upon questions which cannot be resolved, and of which the solution would conduce very little to the advancement of happiness ; when he bewilders his understanding in uncertain hypotheses, and harrasses his faculties with needless subtilties ; when he lavishes his hours in calculating the weight of the terraqueous globe, or in adjusting successive systems of worlds beyond the reach of the telescope ; he may be properly recalled from his excursions by this precept, and reminded that there is a Being, with which it is his duty and his interest to be more acquainted ; and from which, though he cannot neglect it without the utmost danger, his attention has hitherto been withheld, by his regard to studies which he has no other motive to follow, than such as either vanity or curiosity produce.

The great praise of Socrates is, that he drew the wits of Greece, by his instruction and example,

ample, from the vain pursuit of natural philosophy to moral inquiries, and turned their thoughts from stars and tides, and matter and motion, upon the various modes of virtue, and relations of life. All his lectures were but commentaries upon this saying ; if we suppose the knowledge of ourselves recommended by Chilo, in opposition to the other inquiries less suitable to the state of man.

The great fault of men of learning is still, that they offend against this rule, and appear willing to study any thing rather than themselves ; for which reason they are too often despised by those with whom they imagine themselves above comparison ; despised as useless to all the common purposes of life ; as unable to conduct the most trivial affairs, and unqualified to perform those offices by which the concatenation of society is preserved, and mutual tenderness excited and maintained.

Rambler.

S E C T. II.

Every man should dedicate some portion of time to that knowledge.

THE apparent necessity of setting the world at a distance from us, when we are resolved to take a near survey of ourselves, has sent many from high stations to the severities of a monastick life ; and, indeed, every man deeply engaged in business, if all regard to another state be not extinguished, must have the conviction, though, perhaps, not the resolution of Valdesso, who, when he solicited Charles the Fifth to dismiss

dismiss him, being asked whether he retired upon disgust, answered, " that he laid down his commission for no other reason but because there ought to be some time for some sober reflection between the life of a soldier and his death."

There are certainly few conditions which do not entangle us with sublunary hopes and fears; from these it is necessary to disencumber our minds by intervals of solitude, in which we may place ourselves in his presence who views effects in their causes, and actions in their motives; in which we may, as Chillingworth expresses it, consider things as if there were no other beings in the world but God and ourselves; or, to use language yet more awful, *may commune with our hearts, and be still.*

Death, says Seneca, falls heavy upon him who is too much known to others, and too little to himself; and Pontanus, a man celebrated among the early restorers of literature, thought the study of our own hearts of so much importance, that he has recommended it from his tomb. *Sum Joannes Jovianus Pontanus, quem amaverunt bonæ musæ, suspexerunt viri probi, honestaverunt reges domini : jam scis qui sum, vel qui potius fuerim ; ego vero te, hospes, noscere in tenebris nequeo, sed teipsum ut noscas rogo.* " I am Pontanus, beloved by the powers of literature, admired by men of worth, and dignified by the monarchs of the world. Thou knowest now who I am, or more properly who I was. For thee, stranger, I who am in darkness cannot know thee; but I intreat thee to know thyself."

Rambler.

B O O K XI.

C H A P. I.

L A N G U A G E.

French and English compared.

O U R language, instead of being improved, is every day growing worse, and more debased. We bewilder ourselves in various orthography; we speak, and we write at random; and if a man's common conversation were to be committed to paper, he would be startled to find himself guilty in a few sentences, of so many solecisms and such false English. I believe we are the only people in the Christian world, who repeat the Lord's Prayer in an ungrammatical manner; and I remember to have heard, that when a motion was made in the Convocation to alter the word *which* for the word *who*, the proposition was rejected by the majority. This instance may shew you of what sort of men the most learned, and even the most reverend assemblies are sometimes composed. But let us consider the conduct of a neighbouring nation. How industrious have the French been to improve their language? and to what a state of perfection have they brought it? Rome by her conquests
made

made her dialect universal : France by her policy has done the same. By policy, I mean the encouragement of arts and sciences ; which will often render a nation more powerful than arms. Nothing has contributed so much to the purity and excellence of the French tongue, as the noble academies established for that purpose : and until some publick work of the same kind is undertaken in England, we cannot flatter ourselves with any hopes of amending the errors, or ascertaining the limits of our style. I shall not presume even to whisper to you, that I think a design of this sort is sufficiently momentous to attract the consideration of our legislative powers. Their thoughts are otherwise employed, and their faculties otherwise applied. But I will venture to say, that if to our hospitals for lunatics, an hospital was added for the reception and support of men of sense and learning, it would be of the highest honour to the present age, and of no less advantage to posterity. I call it an hospital, because I suppose it to be erected for the benefit of such persons, whose infirm fortunes, or diseased revenues, may have rendered the strength and abilities of their minds weak and useless to the publick.

Orrery.

C H A P. II.

L E A R N I N G.

S E C T. I.

Should be sometimes applied to cultivate our morals.

ENVY, curiosity, and our sense of the imperfection of our present state, inclines us always to estimate the advantages which are in the possession of others above their real value. Every one must have remarked, what powers and prerogatives the vulgar imagine to be conferred by learning. A man of science is expected to excel the unlettered and unenlightened, even on occasions where literature is of no use, and among weak minds loses part of his reverence by discovering no superiority in those parts of life, in which all are unavoidably equal; as when a monarch makes a progress to the remoter provinces, the rusticks are said sometimes to wonder that they find him of the same size with themselves.

These demands of prejudice and folly can never be satisfied, and therefore many of the imputations which learning suffers from disappointed ignorance, are without reproach. Yet it cannot be denied, that there are some failures to which men of study are peculiarly exposed. Every condition has its disadvantages. The circle of knowledge is too wide for the most active and diligent intellect, and while science is pursued with ardour, other accomplishments
of

of equal use are necessarily neglected ; as a small garrison must leave one part of an extensive fortress naked, when an alarm calls them to another.

The learned, however, might generally support their dignity with more success, if they suffered not themselves to be misled by superfluous attainments of qualification which few can understand or value, and by skill which they may sink into the grave without any conspicuous opportunities of exerting. Raphael, in return to Adam's enquiries into the courses of the stars and the revolutions of heaven, counsels him to withdraw his mind from idle speculations, and instead of watching motions which he has no power to regulate, to employ his faculties upon nearer and more interesting objects, the survey of his own life, the subjection of his passions, the knowledge of duties which must daily be performed, and the detection of dangers which must daily be incurred.

This angelick counsel every man of letters should always have before him. He that devotes himself wholly to retired study, naturally sinks from omission to forgetfulness of social duties, and from which he must be sometimes awakened, and recalled to the general condition of mankind.

Rambler.

S E C T. II.

Its progress.

IT had been observed by the ancients, That all the arts and sciences arose among free nations ; and that the Persians and Egyptians, notwithstanding

notwithstanding all their ease, opulence and luxury, made but faint efforts towards those finer pleasures, which were carried to such perfection by the Greeks, amidst continual wars, attended with poverty, and the greatest simplicity of life and manners. It had also been observed, that as soon as the Greeks lost their liberty, though they encreased mightily in riches, by the means of the conquests of Alexander ; yet the arts, from that moment, declined among them, and have never since been able to raise their head in that climate. Learning was transplanted to Rome, the only free nation at that time in the universe ; and having met with so favourable a soil, it made prodigious shoots for above a century ; 'till the decay of liberty produced also a decay of letters, and spread a total barbarism over the world. From these two experiments, of which each was double in its kind, and shewed the fall of learning in despotic governments, as well as its rise in popular ones, Longinus thought himself sufficiently justified in asserting, that the arts and sciences could never flourish but in a free government : and in this opinion he has been followed by several eminent writers in our country, who either confined their view merely to ancient facts, or entertained too great a partiality in favour of that form of government which is established amongst us.

But what would these writers have said to the instances of modern Rome and Florence ? Of which the former carried to perfection all the finer arts of sculpture, painting and music, as well as poetry, though they groaned under slavery, and under the slavery of priests : while
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the latter made the greatest progress in the arts and sciences, after they began to lose their liberty by the usurpations of the family of Medicis. Ariosto, Tasso, Galilæo, no more than Raphael and Michael Angelo, were not born in republics. And though the Lombard school was famous as well as the Roman, yet the Venetians have had the smallest share in its honours, and seem rather inferior to the Italians in their genius for the arts and sciences. Rubens established his school at Antwerp, not at Amsterdam; Dresden, not Hamburg, is the centre of politeness in Germany.

But the most eminent instance of the flourishing state of learning in despotic governments, is that of France, which scarce ever enjoyed an established liberty, and yet has carried the arts and sciences as near perfection as any other nation. The English are, perhaps, better philosophers; the Italians better painters and musicians; the Romans were better orators; but the French are the only people, except the Greeks, who have been at once philosophers, poets, orators, historians, painters, architects, sculptors, and musicians. With regard to the stage, they have excelled even the Greeks, who have far excelled the English; and in common life, they have in a great measure perfected that art, the most useful and agreeable of any, *l'art de vivre*, the art of society and conversation.

If we consider the state of sciences and polite arts in our country, Horace's observation with regard to the Romans, may, in a great measure, be applied to the British,

*sed in longum tamen ævum
Manferunt, hodieque manent vestigia ruris.*

The

The elegance and propriety of stile have been very much neglected among us. We have no dictionary of our language, and scarce a tolerable grammar. The first polite prose we have, was wrote by a man who is still alive. As to Sprat, Locke, and even Temple, they knew too little of the rules of art to be esteemed very elegant writers. The prose of Bacon, Harrington, and Milton, is altogether stiff and pedantic; though their sense be excellent. Men, in this country, have been so much occupied in the great disputes of religion, politics and philosophy, that they had no relish for the minute observations of grammar and criticism. And though this turn of thinking must have considerably improved our sense and our talent of reasoning beyond those of other nations, it must be confest, that even in those sciences above-mentioned, we have not any standard book which we can transmit to posterity: and the utmost we have to boast of, are a few essays towards a more just philosophy; which, indeed, promise very much, but have not, as yet, reached any degree of perfection.

Hume's Essays.

S E C T. III.

Useless without taste.

A MAN may know exactly all the circles and ellipses of the Copernican system, and all the irregular spirals of the Ptolomaic, without perceiving that the former is more beautiful than the latter. Euclid has very fully explained every quality of the circle, but has not, in any proposition

position, said a word of its beauty. The reason is evident. Beauty is not a quality of the circle. It lies not in any part of the line, whose parts are all equally distant from a common center. It is only the effect which that figure operates upon the mind, whose particular fabric or structure renders it susceptible of such sentiments. In vain would you look for it in the circle, or seek it, either by your senses, or by mathematical reasonings, in all the properties of that figure.

The mathematician, who took no other pleasure in reading Virgil but that of examining Eneas's voyage by the map, might understand perfectly the meaning of every Latin word employed by that divine author, and consequently might have a distinct idea of the whole narration; he would even have a more distinct idea of it, than they could have who had not studied so exactly the geography of the poem. He knew, therefore, every thing in the poem. But he was ignorant of its beauty; because the beauty, properly speaking, lies not in the poem, but the sentiment or taste of the reader. And where a man has no such delicacy of temper as to make him feel this sentiment, he must be ignorant of the beauty, though possessed of the science and understanding of an angel.

Hume's Essays.

S E C T. IV.

Its obstructions.

SO many hindrances may obstruct the acquisition of knowledge, that there is little reason
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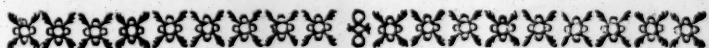
for wondering that it is in a few hands. To the greater part of mankind the duties of life are inconsistent with much study, and the hours which they would spend upon letters must be stolen from their occupations and their families. Many suffer themselves to be lured by more sprightly and luxurious pleasures from the shades of contemplation, where they find seldom more than a calm delight, such as, though greater than all others, if its certainty and its duration be reckoned with its power of gratification, is yet easily quitted for some extemporary joy, which the present moment offers, and another perhaps will put out of reach.

It is the great excellence of learning that it borrows very little from time or place; it is not confined to season or to climate, to cities or to the country, but may be cultivated and enjoyed where no other pleasure can be obtained. But this quality, which constitutes much of its value, is one occasion of neglect; what may be done at all times with equal propriety, is deferred from day to day, till the mind is gradually reconciled to the omission, and the attention is turned to other objects. Thus habitual idleness gains too much power to be conquered, and the soul shrinks from the idea of intellectual labour and intenseness of meditation.

That those who profess to advance learning sometimes obstruct it, cannot be denied; the continual multiplication of books not only distracts choice, but disappoints enquiry. To him that has moderately stored his mind with images, few writers afford any novelty; or what little they have to add to the common stock of learning is so buried in the mass of general notions, that, like silver mingled with
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the ore of lead, it is too little to pay for the labour of separation ; and he that has often been deceived by the promise of a title, at last grows weary of examining, and is tempted to consider all as equally fallacious.

Idler, No. 94.



CHAP. III.

LETTER-WRITING.

Frequently marks an Author's character.

IF we judge of Mr. Pope from his works. his chief aim was to be esteemed a man of virtue. His letters are written in that style. His last volumes are all of the moral kind ; he has avoided trifles, and consequently has escaped a rock which has proved very injurious to Swift's reputation. He has given his imagination full scope, and yet has preserved a perpetual guard upon his conduct. The constitution of his body and mind might early incline him to habits of caution and reserve. The treatment which he met afterwards from an innumerable tribe of adversaries, confirmed those habits, and made him slower than the Dean in pronouncing his judgment upon persons and things. His prose writings are little less harmonious than his verse : and his voice in common conversation was so naturally musical, that

I remember honest Tom Southern used always to call him the Little Nightingale. His manners were delicate, easy, and engaging; and he treated his friends with a politeness that charmed, and a generosity that was much to his honour. Every guest was made happy within his doors. Pleasure dwelt under his roof, and Elegance presided at his table. Dr. Swift was of a different disposition: to his domestics he was passionate and churlish: to his equals and superiors rather an entertaining than a desirable companion. He told a story in an admirable manner: his sentences were short and perspicuous: his observations were piercing. He had seen the great world, and had profited much by his experience. He had not the least tincture of vanity in his conversation. He was perhaps, as he said himself, too proud to be vain. When he was polite, it was in a manner entirely his own. In his friendships he was constant and undisguised. He was the same in his enmities. He generally spoke as he thought in all companies and at all times. I remember to have heard that he dined once at a Lord Mayor's feast in Dublin, and was attacked and teized by an opulent, boisterous, half-intoxicated 'squire, who happened to sit next him; he bore this awkward raillery for some time, and then on a sudden called out in a loud voice to the mayor, "My lord, here is one of your bears at my shoulder; he has been worrying me this half hour, I desire you will order him to be taken off." In these last particulars he differed widely from his friend Pope, who could stifle resentment, and wait with patience till a more distant, and perhaps a more seasonable

ble hour of revenge. But notwithstanding the dissimilitude of minds and manners which was apparent between these two great men, yet the same sort of friendship seems to have subsisted between them, as between Virgil and Horace. The mutual affection of the two English poets appears throughout their works ; and therefore in this place, I cannot avoid taking notice of a report very industriously spread, and not without some degree of success, “ that the friendship between Pope and Swift was not so firm and perfect at the latter end as at the beginning of their lives.” On Dr. Swift’s side, I am certain, it ever remained unalterable : nor did it appear less fervent on the side of Mr. Pope. Their letters are the best evidence to determine the doubt. *Orrery.*



C H A P. IV.

L I B E R T I N E.

That a reformed Libertine makes the best husband, proved to be a dangerous and fallacious maxim.

I N order to cultivate female virtue, or what the apostle calls *sobriety*, it is of infinite consequence, to avoid dangerous connexions. If that be not done, what is there on earth, or in heaven, that can save you ? Of miraculous interposition I think not at present. She can

have no right to expect it, who throws herself into the broad way to temptation. What those dangerous connections are, it may not be always easy to explain, when it becomes a question in real life. Unhappily for young women, it is a question sometimes of very nice decision. Cases there are, in which nothing can be clearer. The man that behaves with open rudeness, the man that avowedly laughs at virtue, the man that impudently pleads for vice; such a man is to be shunned like a rattlesnake. In this case, "The woman that deliberates is lost." What! would you parly with the destroyer, when he gives you warning? Then you are not ensnared: you knowingly and wilfully expose yourselves. If you are poisoned; if you are lost; your folly is without excuse, and your destruction without alleviation.

But in this manner none will proceed, save wretches alike licentious and imprudent. Of artful men the approaches will be silent and slow; all will be soft insinuation: or else they will put on a blunt face of seeming good humour, the appearance of honest frankness, drawing you to every scene of dissipation with a kind of obliging violence, should violence of any kind be necessary. If they wear the air of gentlemen, which, unfortunately for your sex, is too often the case; then indeed your danger is extreme. Thus far the trap is concealed. You apprehend nothing: your unsuspecting hearts begin to slide: they are gone, gone before you are aware. The men I am speaking of perceive their advantage the moment it appears.

I have

I have supposed them destitute of worth. If they are also unchecked by fear, what can preserve you? A sense of reputation? the dread of ruin? Perhaps they may. But perhaps they may not. They have often, no doubt, come in to prevent the last excess. And, but for such restraints, what would become of many a woman who is not under that best one, religious principle? The experiment, however, you will own is hazardous. Multitudes have trusted to it, and have been undone.

But do those, who in the world's sense are not undone, escape, think ye, unhurt; unhurt in their health and spirits, in their serenity and self-enjoyment, in their sobriety of mind and habits of self-controul? You cannot think it. Very seldom at least can you suppose, that, where there is much sensibility of temper, an ill-placed passion shall not leave behind it, in a youthful breast, great disorder and deep disquietude.

But how, you will ask, is the snare to be eluded, hidden as it frequently is? Not so hidden throughout, as to be invisible, unless indeed you will shut your eyes. Is it not your business to enquire into the character of the man that professes an attachment? Or is character nothing? Is there no essential difference between a man of decency and honour, or who has all along passed for such, and a man who is known to lead an irregular life, or who is suspected however to be the smiling foe of female virtue? May you not learn, if you please, with whom the person in question associates? Or is a man's choice of company nothing? If you are not

resolved to be blind, you may surely discover whether such a person begins by little and little to take off the vizard, and appear what he is, by loose sentiments, indecent advances, an ambiguous style, an alarming assurance, "foolish talking, and jesting which is not convenient."—I blush for numbers of your sex, who not only express no displeasure at these things, but by a loud laugh, or childish titter, or foolish simper, or some other indication of a light mind, show real satisfaction, perhaps high complacence.

Another thing, no less abominable, I cannot forbear to mention. How common is it to see young ladies, who pass for women of reputation, admitting into their company in public places, and with visible tokens of civility and pleasure, men, whom the moment before they saw herding with creatures of infamous name!—Gracious God, what a defiance to the laws of piety, prudence, character, decorum! What an insult, in effect, to every man and woman of virtue in the world! What a palpable encouragement to vice and dishonour! What a desperate pulling down, in appearance, and with their own hands, of the only partition that divides them from the most profligate of their sex! Between the bold and the abandoned woman there may still remain, notwithstanding such behaviour, a distinction in the world's eye; but we scruple not to declare, that religion, purity, delicacy, make none.

To return from this digression, if it be one, we will allow it possible to put cases wherein no particular rules of discovery, no determinate modes of judgment, will enable a young woman,

man, by her own unassisted skill, to discern the dangers that lie in her way. But can a young woman be justly excused, or can she fairly excuse herself, if, where all is at stake, she calls not in the joint aid of wise suspicion, friendly counsel and grave experience, together with prayers for God's protection more than ordinarily fervent?

But, methinks, I hear some of you ask, with in air of earnest curiosity, Do not reformed libertines then] make the best husbands? I am sorry for the question. I am doubly sorry, whenever it is started by a virtuous woman. I will not wound the ear of modesty by drawing minutely the character of a libertine: but give me leave to answer your enquiry, by asking a question or two in my turn. In the first place, we will suppose a man of this character really reformed, so far as to treat the woman he marries with every mark of tenderness, esteem, fidelity; and that he gives up forever his old companions, at least as to any chosen intimacy, or preference of their company to hers. We grant it possible; we rejoice when it happens. It is certainly the best atonement that can be made for his former conduct. But now let me ask you, or rather let me desire you to ask your own hearts, without any regard to the opinions of the world, which is most desirable on the score of sentiment, on the score of that respect which you owe to yourselves, to your friends, to your sex, to order, rectitude, and honour; the pure unexhausted affection of a man who has not by intemperance and debauchery corrupted his principles, impaired his constitution, enslaved himself to appetite, submitted

to share with the vilest and meanest of mankind the mercenary embraces of harlots, contributed to embolden guilt, to harden vice, to render the retreat from a life of scandal and misery more hopeless ; who never laid snares for beauty, never betrayed the innocence that trusted him, never abandoned any fond creature to want and despair, never hurt the reputation of a woman, never disturbed the peace of families, or defied the laws of his country, or set at nought the prohibition of his God ;—which, I say, is most desirable, the affection of such a man, or that of him who has probably done all this, who has certainly done a great part of it, and who has nothing now to offer you, but the shattered remains of his health, and of his heart ? How any of you may feel on this subject, I cannot say. But if, judging as a man, I believed, what I have often heard, that the generality of women would prefer the latter, I know not any thing that could sink them so low in my esteem.

That he who has been formerly a rake may after all prove a tolerable good husband, as the world goes, I have said already that I do not dispute. But I would ask, in the next place, is this commonly expected ? Is there no danger that such a man will be tempted by the power of long habit to return to his old ways ; or that the insatiable love of variety, which he has indulged so freely, will some time or other lead him astray from the finest woman in the world ? Will not the very idea of restraint, which he could never brook while single, make him only the more impatient of it when married ? Will he have the better opinion of his wife's virtue,
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that he has conversed chiefly with women who had none, and with men amongst whom it was a favourite system, that the sex are all alike?— But it is a painful topic. Let the women who are so connected make the best of their condition ; and let us go on to something else.

Sermons to Young Women.



C H A P. V.

L I B E R T Y.

S E C T. I.

Differently understood by different people.

LIBERTY, all men are sensible, is a jewel of inestimable value ; and therefore there is nothing more earnestly or more justly contended for, nothing more universally or more reasonably desired. But, alas ! as children are often eagerly desirous of what they do not understand, and know not when they are in possession of what they desire, but are put off and pleased with false resemblances of things, and hold fast something really contrary to what they think they are fond of ; so, in this particular, men themselves, even wise men and learned, the rich and the potent, the cunning and the most sensible in other affairs, are very frequently imposed upon, (I should say,

impose upon themselves) and love to be deceived, and take pains to abuse their own understandings ; and while they love liberty above all things, embrace slavery in the stead thereof ; shutting their eyes, and calling things by false names, and stiling bondage liberty, and liberty bondage. For whilst all men contend for liberty, wherein does the greater part of the world imagine true liberty to consist ? Most men seem to place it in being allowed to let loose the reins to all their appetites and passions without controul ; to be under no restraint either from the laws of men, or from the fear of God. Princes generally think it to consist in having the power of tyrannizing over the multitude of their subjects, and sacrificing the common rights and properties of mankind to their own single and unreasonable ambition. The common people are apt to place it in unbounded licentiousness, and having no superior but the humour of the multitude. The covetous person would gladly be allowed to increase his treasure by some shorter steps than those of honest industry and patient labour. The debauchee thinks no chains more troublesome than those which would confine his pleasure from irregularity and excess. And oh how happy would the revengeful spirit be, might he have but liberty to satisfy his malice, without present shame or future danger ! This, 'tis to be feared, is the notion too great a part of mankind have of liberty. And what a liberty is this ? Is it not like the liberty a madman desires of being permitted to destroy himself ? Is it any thing more, than a liberty to chuse the worst of slaveries, and to exchange the government
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of a most reasonable master, for that of the worst and cruellest tyrant? For, what does the ambitious prince, or the licentious multitude; what does the covetous and revengeful, or the debauched sinner; but only chuse to be a servant to passion, instead of a follower of right reason? What is it that makes a beast to be a creature of less liberty than man, but only that its natural appetites more necessarily govern all its actions, and that it is not endued with a faculty of reason, whereby to exert itself, and gain a power or liberty of over-ruling those appetites? For if the true liberty of a moral agent does not principally consist in the power of over-ruling such appetites; wherein lies the excellence of human nature at all, above the inferior creation? or what superiority has a man above the beasts that perish, in any moral regard, if his greater knowlege and understanding serves only to make him feel and be sensible of his subjection to those lower appetites, which the other creatures are naturally subject to, without being sensible or having any uneasy reflections that they are so? Is not the difference, in such a case, this only; that the man is really a greater slave, or has the less liberty of the two, because he only is by his reason capable of understanding that he wants it? If a man's body be under confinement, or he be impotent in his limbs, he is then deprived of his bodily liberty: and for the same reason, if his mind be blinded by sottish errors, and his reason over-ruled by violent passions, is not this likewise plainly as great a slavery and as true a confinement? *for to whomsoever men yield themselves servants to obey* (as the Apostle excellently

excellently expresses it) *are they not his servants to whom they obey?* Rom. vi. 16. and *of whomsoever a man is overcome, of the same also is he not brought in bondage?* 2 Pet. ii. 19.

Clarke's Sermons.

S E C T. II.

Of the press in England, why allowed.

T H E R E is nothing more apt to surprise a foreigner, than the extreme liberty which we enjoy in this country, of communicating whatever we please to the Publick, and of openly censuring every measure entered into by the king or his ministers. If the administration resolve upon war, 'tis affirmed, that either wilfully or ignorantly they mistake the interest of the nation, and that peace, in the present situation of affairs, is infinitely preferable. If the passion of the ministers lie towards peace, our political writers breathe nothing but war and devastation, and represent the pacific conduct of the government as mean and pusillanimous. As this liberty is not indulged in any other government, either republican or monarchical; in Holland and Venice, no more than in France or Spain; it may very naturally give occasion to these two questions, How it happens that Great Britain enjoys such a peculiar privilege? and, Whether the unlimited exercise of this liberty be advantageous or prejudicial to the Publick?

As to the first question, Why the laws indulge us in such an extraordinary liberty? I believe the reason may be derived from our
mixed

mixed form of government, which is neither wholly monarchical, nor wholly republican. 'Twill be found, if I mistake not, a true observation in politics, that the two extremes in government, of liberty and slavery, commonly approach nearest to each other ; and that, as you depart from the extremes, and mix a little of monarchy with liberty, the government becomes always the more free ; and on the other hand, when you mix a little of liberty with monarchy, the yoke becomes always the more grievous and intolerable. I shall endeavour to explain myself. In a government, such as that of France, which is entirely absolute, and where laws, custom, and religion concur, all of them, to make the people fully satisfied with their condition, the monarch cannot entertain the least jealousy against his subjects, and therefore is apt to indulge them in great liberties both of speech and action. In a government altogether republican, such as that of Holland, where there is no magistrate so eminent as to give jealousy to the state, there is also no danger in intrusting the magistrates with very large discretionary powers ; and though many advantages result from such powers, in the preservation of peace and order, yet they lay a considerable restraint on men's actions, and make every private subject pay a great respect to the government. Thus it seems evident, that the two extremes, of absolute monarchy and of a republic, approach very near to each other in the most material circumstances. In the first, the magistrate has no jealousy of the people : In the second, the people have no jealousy of the magistrate : which want of jealousy

lously begets a mutual confidence and trust in both cases, and produces a species of liberty in monarchies, and of arbitrary power in republics.

Hume's Essays.

S E C T. III.

That the liberty of the press and of the people must stand or fall together.

'TIS a very comfortable reflection to the lovers of liberty, that this peculiar privilege of Britain, is of a kind that cannot easily be wrested from us, but must last as long as our government remains in any degree free and independent. It is seldom that liberty of any kind is lost all at once. Slavery has so frightful an aspect to men accustomed to freedom, that it must steal in upon them by degrees, and must disguise itself in a thousand shapes, in order to be received. But if the liberty of the press ever be lost, it must be lost at once. The general laws against sedition and libelling are at present as strong as they possibly can be made. Nothing can impose a farther restraint, but either the clapping an *Imprimatur* upon the press, or the giving to the court very large discretionary powers to punish whatever displeases them. But these concessions would be such a bare-faced violation of liberty, that they will probably be the last efforts of a despotic government. We may conclude, that the liberty of Britain is gone forever when these attempts shall succeed.

Hume's Essays.

C H A P.

C H A P. VI.

L I F E.

S E C T. I.

Complaint of its brevity impertinent.

OUR want of time, and the shortness of human life, are some of the principal common-place complaints which we prefer against the established order of things : they are the grumblings of the vulgar, and the pathetic lamentations of the philosopher ; but they are impertinent and impious in both. The man of business despises the man of pleasure, for squandering his time away ; the man of pleasure pities or laughs at the man of business, for the same thing : and yet both concur, superciliously and absurdly, to find fault with the Supreme Being for having given them so little time. The philosopher, who mispends it very often as much as others, joins in the same cry, and authorises this impiety. Theophrastus thought it extremely hard to die at ninety, and to go out of the world when he had just learned how to live in it. His master Aristotle found fault with Nature, for treating man in this respect worse than several other animals : both very unphilosophically ! and I love Seneca the better for his quarrel with the Stagyrte on this head. We see, in so many instances, a just proportion of things, according to their several relations to one another, that philosophy should
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lead us to conclude this proportion preserved, even where we cannot deserve it, instead of leading us to conclude that it is not preserved where we do not discern it, or where we think we see the contrary. *Bolingbroke.*

S E C T. II.

Not short in itself, but our abuse of it renders it so.

THAT life which seems to our self-love so short, when we compare it with the ideas we frame of eternity, or even with the duration of some other beings, will appear sufficient, upon a less partial view, to all the ends of our creation, and of a just proportion in the successive course of generations. The term itself is long ; we render it short ; and the want we complain of, flows from our profusion, not from our poverty. We are all arrant spend-thrifts ; some of us dissipate our estates on the trifles, some on the superfluities, and then we all complain that we want the necessaries of life. The much greatest part never reclaim, but die bankrupts to God and man. Others reclaim late, and they are apt to imagine, when they make up their accounts and see how their fund is diminished, that they have not enough remaining to live upon, because they have not the whole. But they deceive themselves ; they were richer than they thought, and are not yet poor. If they husband well the remainder, it will be found sufficient for all the necessaries, and for some of the superfluities, and trifles too, perhaps, of life : but then the former order of expence must be inverted ; and the necessaries
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of life must be provided, before they put themselves to any trouble for the trifles or superfluities.

Bolingbroke.

S E C T. III.

Too short to be spent in trifles.

WHEN Baxter had lost a thousand pounds, which he had laid up for the erection of a school, he used frequently to mention the misfortune, as an incitement to be charitable while God gives the power of bestowing, and considered himself as culpable, in some degree, for having left a good action in the hands of chance, and suffered his benevolence to be defeated for want of quickness and diligence.

It is lamented by Hearne, the learned antiquarian of Oxford, that this general forgetfulness of the fragility of life, has remarkably infected the students of monuments and records; as their employment consists first in collecting, and afterwards in arranging or abstracting what libraries afford them, they ought not to amass more than they can digest; but when they have undertaken a work, they go on searching and transcribing, call for new supplies when they are already over-burthened, and at last leave their work unfinished. It is, says he, the business of a good antiquary, as of a good man, to have mortality always before him.

Thus, not only in the slumber of sloth, but in the dissipation of ill-directed industry, is the shortness of life generally forgotten. As some men lose their hours in laziness, because they suppose that there is time enough for the reparation

ration of their negligence, others busy themselves in providing that no length may want employment ; and it often happens, that sluggishness and activity are equally surprized by the last summons, and perish not more differently from each other, than the fowl that receives the shot in the flight, from her that is killed upon the bush.

Among the many improvements made by the last centuries in human knowledge, may be numbered the exact calculations of the value of life ; but whatever may be their use in traffick, they seem very little to have advanced morality. They have hitherto been rather applied to acquisition of money, than of wisdom ; the computer refers none of his calculations to his tenure, but persists, in contempt of probability, to foretell long life to himself, and believes that he is marked out to reach the utmost verge of human existence, and see thousands and ten thousands fall into the grave.

So deeply is this fallacy rooted in the heart, and so strongly guarded by hope and fear against the approach of reason, that neither science nor experience can shake it, and we act as if life were without end, though we see and confess its uncertainty and shortness.

Divines have, with great strength and ardour, shewn the absurdity of delaying reformation and repentance ; a degree of folly, indeed, which sets eternity to hazard. It is the same weakness, in proportion to the importance of the neglect, to transfer any care which now claims our attention to a future time : we sometimes subject ourselves to needless dangers from accidents which early diligence would have

have obviated, and sometimes perplex our minds by vain precautions, and make provision for the execution of designs, for which the opportunity once missed never will return.

As he that lives longest lives but a little while, every man may be certain that he has no time to waste. The duties of life are commensurate to its duration, and every day brings its task, which, if neglected, is doubled on to morrow. But he that has already trifled away those months and years in which he should have laboured, must remember, that of what he has now only a part, the whole is little; and that since the few moments remaining are to be considered as the last trust of heaven, not one is to be lost. *Rambler.*

S E C T. IV.

Social and Savage compared.

THEY who have been accustomed to the refinements of science, and multiplications of contrivance, soon lose their confidence in the unassisted powers of nature, forget the paucity of our real necessities, and overlook the easy methods by which they may be supplied. It were a speculation worthy of a philosophical mind, to examine how much is taken away from our natural abilities, as well as added to them by artificial expedients. We are so accustomed to give and receive assistance, that each of us singly can do little for himself: and there is scarce any one amongst us, however contracted may be his form of life, who does not enjoy the labour of a thousand artists.

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But a survey of the various nations that inhabit the earth will inform us, that life may be supported with less assistance; and that the dexterity which practice enforced by necessity produces, is able to effect much by very scanty means. The nations of Mexico and Peru erected cities and temples without the use of iron; and at this day the rude Indian supplies himself with all the necessaries of life. Sent like the rest of mankind naked into the world, as soon as his parents have nursed him up to strength, he is to provide by his own labour for his own support. His first care is to find a sharp flint among the rocks; with this he undertakes to fell the trees of the forest; he shapes his bow, heads his arrows, builds his cottage, and hollows his canoe, and from that time lives in a state of plenty and prosperity; he is sheltered from the storms, he is fortified against the beasts of prey, he is enabled to pursue the fish of the sea, and the deer of the mountains; and as he does not know, does not envy the happiness of polished nations, where gold can supply the want of fortitude and skill, and he whose laborious ancestors have made him rich, may lie stretched upon a couch, and see all the treasures of all the elements poured down before him.

This picture of a savage life, if it shews how much individuals may perform, shews likewise how much society is to be desired. Though the perseverance and address of the Indian excite our admiration, they nevertheless cannot procure him the conveniences which are enjoyed by the vagrant beggar of a civilized country; he hunts like a wild beast to satisfy his hunger; and

and when he lies down to rest after a successful chase, cannot pronounce himself secure against the danger of perishing in a few days. He is, perhaps, content with his condition, because he knows not that a better is attainable by man; as he that is born blind does not long for the perception of light, because he cannot conceive the advantages which light would afford him: but hunger, wounds, and weariness, are real evils, tho' he believes them equally incident to all his fellow-creatures; and when a tempest compels him to lie starving in his hut, he cannot justly be concluded equally happy with those whom art has exempted from the power of chance, and who make the foregoing year provide for the following.

To receive and to communicate assistance, constitutes the happiness of human life. Man may indeed preserve his existence in solitude, but can enjoy it only in society. The greatest understanding of an individual doomed to procure food and cloathing for himself, will barely supply him with expedients to keep off death from day to day; but as one of a large community performing only his share of the common business, he gains leisure for intellectual pleasures, and enjoys the happiness of reason and reflection.

Adventurer.

S E C T. V.

Invigorated by hope.

T H E R E is, indeed, so little certainty in human affairs, that the most cautious and severe examiner may be allowed to indulge some hopes,

hopes, which he cannot prove to be much favoured by probability; since after his utmost endeavours to ascertain events, he must often leave the issue in the hands of chance. And so scanty is our present allowance of happiness, that in many situations life could scarcely be supported, if hope were not allowed to relieve the present hour by pleasures borrowed from futurity; and reanimate the languor of dejection to new efforts, by pointing to distant regions of felicity, which yet no resolution or perseverance shall ever reach.

But these, like all other cordials, though they may invigorate in a small quantity, intoxicate in a greater. These pleasures, like the rest, are lawful only in certain circumstances, and to certain degrees; they may be used in due suberviency to nobler purposes, but become dangerous and destructive, when once they gain the ascendant in the heart. To sooth the mind to tranquility by hope, even when that hope is likely to deceive us, may be sometimes useful; but to lull our faculties into a lethargy, is poor and despicable.

Vices and errors are differently modified, according to the state of the minds to which they are incident. To indulge hope beyond the warrant of reason, is the failure alike of mean and elevated understandings; but its foundation and its effects are totally different. The man of high courage and great abilities is apt to place too much confidence in himself, and to expect from a vigorous exertion of his powers more than spirit or diligence can attain: between him and his wish he sees obstacles indeed, but he expects to overleap or break them; his mistaken

taken ardour hurries him forward; and though perhaps he misses his end, he nevertheless obtains some collateral good, and performs something useful to mankind and honourable to himself.

The drone of timidity presumes likewise to hope, but without ground and without consequence: the bliss with which he solaces his hours, he always expects from others, though very often he knows not from whom; he folds his arms about him, and sits in expectation of some revolution in the state that shall elevate him to greatness, or some golden shower that shall load him with wealth; he dozes away the day in musing upon the morrow; and at the end of life is roused from his dream only to discover, that the time of action is past, and that he can now shew his wisdom only by repentance.

Adventurer.

S E C T. VI.

To be considered in Heaven's disposal.

SINCE life itself is uncertain, nothing which has life for its basis can boast much stability. Yet this is but a small part of our perplexity. We set out on a tempestuous sea, in quest of some port, where we expect to find rest, but where we are not sure of admission; we are not only in danger of sinking in the way, but of being misled by meteors mistaken for stars, of being driven from our course by the changes of the wind, and of losing it by unskilful steerage; yet it sometimes happens, that

cross winds blow us to a safer coast, that meteors draw us aside from whirlpools, and negligence or error contribute to our escape from mischiefs to which a direct course would have exposed us. Of those that by precipitate conclusions involve themselves in calamities without guilt, very few, however they may reproach themselves, can be certain that other measures would have been more successful.

In this state of universal uncertainty, where a thousand dangers hover about us, and none can tell whether the good that he pursues is not evil in disguise, or whether the next step will lead him to safety or destruction, nothing can afford any rational tranquility, but the conviction, that, however we amuse ourselves with unideal sounds, nothing in reality is governed by chance, but that the universe is under the perpetual superintendence of him who created it; that our being is in the hands of omnipotent goodness, by whom what appears casual to us is directed for ends ultimately kind and merciful, and nothing can finally hurt him who debars not himself from the divine favour.

Rambler.

C H A P. VII.

O F L O N D O N.

S I R,

THOUGH many historians have described the city of London (in which we may include Westminster) with great accuracy, yet they have not set it out in the full light, which at present it deserves. They have not distinguished it as an university. Paris is an university, Dublin is an university, even Moscow is an university. But London has not yet been honoured with that title. I will allow our metropolis to have been intended originally, only as a city of trade; and I will farther own that scarce any sciences, except such as were purely mercantile, were cultivated in it, 'till within these last thirty years. But from that period of time, I may say an whole army, as it were, of arts and sciences have amicably marched in upon us, and have fixed themselves as auxiliaries to our capital.

The four greater faculties, I mean Theology, Law, Medicine, and Philosophy, which are taught in other universities, are in their highest perfection here. The prosperity of the first may be seen by the crowded churches every Sunday, and the discipline of the second by the numberless young students, who constantly dine in their respective halls at the several Inns of Court. These two faculties have of late received considerable

improvements, but particularly that of Theology; as is manifest from several new and astonishing opinions which have been started among us. There have risen, within these few years, very numerous tribes of Methodists, Moravians, Middletonians, Muggletonians, Hutchinsonians, &c. In a word, our sects are multiplied to such an infinite degree, that (as Voltaire has before observed) "every man may now go to heaven his own way." Can the Divinity-Schools boast such sound doctrine as the Foundery in Moorfields? or were ever Fellows of Colleges such adepts in matrimony, as the reverend doctors of the Fleet, or the primate of May-fair.

The theory of medicine may undoubtedly be taught at Oxford and Cambridge in a tolerable manner; but the art itself can only be learned, where it flourishes, at London. Do not our daily papers give us a longer list of medicines than are contained in any of the dispensatories? And are we not constantly told of surprising antidotes, certain cures, and never-failing remedies for every complaint? And are not each of these species equally efficacious in one distemper as another, from the Grand Restorative Elixir of Life down to the Infallible Corn Salve, as thousands have experienced? With what pleasure and admiration have I beheld the Machaon of our times, Dr. Richard Rock, dispensing from his one-horse-chaise his Cathartic Antivenereal Electuary, his Itch Powder, and his Quintessence of Vipers! It may be asked, Is he a graduate? Is he a regular Physician? No, he is superior to regularity. He despises the formality of Academical degrees. He styles himself

self M. L. He is a London Physician, or, as Moliere would express it, *c'est un Medecin de Londres.*

After Medicine let us consider Logic. How is that most useful art taught in the two universities? Is it not clogged with such barbarous terms, as tend to puzzle and confound, rather than enlighten or direct the understanding? Is it not taught in a dead, I had almost said in a popish tongue? Is it not over-run with dry distinctions, and useleſs ſubtleties? Where then is it to be learned in all the purity of reaſon, and the dignity of language? Neither at Oxford nor at Cambridge, but at the Robin Hood alehouſe in Butcher-row near Temple-bar.

From Logic let us proceed to Eloquence: and let us ingenuouſly confeſs, that neither of our univerſities can boaſt an orator equal to the renowned Henley. Has he not all the qualifications required by Tully in a complete Orator? Has he not been followed by the greateſt men of the nation? Yet has this modeſt divine never derived any title to himſelf from his own rhetoric, except ſuch an one as his extraordinary elocution naturally beſtowed upon him. Might he not have called himſelf Preſident of the Butchers? Dean of Marrow-bones and Cleavers? or Warden of Clare-market? Certainly he might. Therefore, if it were for his ſake only, in my humble opinion, London ought immediately to aſſume the title of a univerſity; and the butchers of Clare-market, who have ſo conſtantly attended Mr. Henley's lectures, ought to be preſented with honorary degrees. *Connoiſſeur.*

C H A P. VIII.

L O V E.

The manner in which virtuous love operates, in producing a reciprocal affection between the sexes.

A MAN sees in some public place a great number of young persons to whom he never spoke. He surveys them all. He is struck with one, who is really less beautiful than several others present, and who is so even in his eyes: in her favour he decides at once. It is a common case: how shall we account for it? I conceive, thus: Every countenance expresses, or is thought to express, a character peculiar to itself; and that which corresponds most with our particular taste in the way of temper, behaviour, understanding, we necessarily and spontaneously prefer. By this character therefore, whether real or imaginary, we are determined. As we hinted in a former discourse, it is the soul we seek. With mind only can mind unite. That which is presented to our eyes attracts us merely as an image of that which they cannot perceive. Our senses may be said to tie the knot; but, strictly speaking, the knot is formed in the soul. Our senses are properly the vehicles of our affection; but to that affection they still act in subordination. It is supreme. Its power is indeed so great, that were the gratification

cation of the senses, in the passion we are now considering, to interfere with the interest of our nobler part, or with this exalted sentiment which constitutes its joy, they would be sacrificed without hesitation. To virtuous love the spirit of sacrifice is essential. What hazards, hardships, losses, pains, has not this generous attachment encountered, with pleasure and even with extasy; happy in manifesting its zeal by the most arduous proofs! To mention but one instance amongst ten thousand, and that recorded in Holy Writ; we are told, that "Jacob served seven years for Rachel, and that they seemed to him but a few days." Why? "For the love he had to her."

But now suppose the man we have just imagined, to cherish with fondness the sudden impression made upon him by a certain appearance; to be introduced to the lady, and to admire her more and more for those internal qualities, which from that appearance he presumes her to possess. With her looks too he is every day more deeply smitten, but still as they are the fancied picture of her mind. This ideal form follows him every where. Business, company, amusement, he could not endure but for the thoughts of her, which are for ever intermingling. Her conversation, her smiles, her approbation, even the slightest marks of her regard, are to him happiness unequalled, and such as can only be excelled by the entire possession of the endearing object. He pursues, he obtains it. And now suppose him to discover, that the character he used to contemplate with transport was merely imaginary; that she is absolutely destitute of the dispositions, the

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sentiments,

sentiments, in one word, the soul which he had fondly figured—Need I speak the rest? Ah, what disappointment and misery! Where now is his love? Where the sacred, fervent, elevated passion, he so lately fostered as the felicity of his life! Intellectual and moral beauty he chiefly sought. He finds it not: and because he does not find it, what happens? His very senses, though remaining constitutionally the same, revolt, are disgusted, and chilled. The enchanting face enchants no more: and why? Because it no longer reflects the image that inflamed his breast. A fool or a tyrant starts up there, where sense and softness seemed to reside.

But now let us reverse this unhappy part of the scene, and suppose that the lady's real character answers to her appearance; that, instead of losing, she gains by a more intimate acquaintance; in short, that certain hidden graces, which no feature, form, or air could fully express, display themselves as circumstances rise to call them forth: what will be the consequence? That the youthful ardour of our lover will increase? No, but a better ardour will; that of rational esteem, sentimental complacence, and self-congratulation. The other, as he advances in life, will gradually abate, and at length vanish. What then? Will his tenderness vanish, or his affection abate? By no means. We have seen that from the beginning it was the love of her mind principally. It is so now more than ever. It has less emotion; it has more solidity: it is less earthly; it is more divine. It is love mellowed into friendship. What shall I say? It is the finest feeling of the human

human heart. And the attraction grows, partly by habit, partly by the increase of those qualities that caused it on her side, and partly by the improvement of good dispositions on his. The tumultuous and irregular pleasures to which perhaps, before he knew her, he was addicted, have now lost their relish. The calm, yet interesting joys, he tastes in her society, occupy all his leisure. From every engagement, whether of the busy or idle kind, he returns to her with new delight, glad to shake off the interrupting world, and impatient when it compels him to any long absence. By the lovely sympathies of her gentle bosom, his cares are soothed, his labours softened, and his losses rendered easy. Is he successful? His success is triumph, from this thought, "I shall be able to make her more happy whom my soul loveth." Is she in pain or sickness? does her health decline? Will this man look on unconcerned? Ah! no: he will hang over her bed of distress with augmented fondness, with an anguish more charming than all the luxury of sensual indulgence. Is her bloom withered? are the allurements of youth gone? Will he grow indifferent? No, no! in his eye she is handsome still. In all she says, and does, and looks, he still beholds, and still admires, the unfaded and unfading beauties of her soul.

Fordyce's Sermons to Young Women.

C H A P. IX.

LOVE and MARRIAGE.

Their origin : A Tale.

MANKIND, according to that fanciful philosopher, Plato, were not in their original divided into male and female, as at present ; but each individual person was a compound of both sexes, and was in himself both husband and wife, melted down into one living creature. This union, no doubt, was very entire, and the parts very well adjusted together, since there resulted a perfect harmony betwixt the male and female, although they were obliged to be inseparable companions. And so great was the harmony and happiness flowing from it, that the Androgynes (for so Plato calls them) or Men-Women, became insolent upon their prosperity, and rebelled against the Gods. To punish them for this temerity, Jupiter could contrive no better expedient, than to divorce the male part from the female, and make two imperfect beings of the compound, which was before so perfect. Hence the origin of men and women, as distinct creatures. But, notwithstanding this division, so lively is our remembrance of the happiness which we enjoyed in our primæval state, that we are never at rest in this situation ; but each of these halves is continually searching through the whole species to find the other half,

half, which was broken from it : and when they meet, they join again with the greatest fondness and sympathy. But it often happens, that they are mistaken in this particular ; that they take for their half what no way corresponds to them ; and that the parts do not meet nor join in with each other, as usual in fractures. In this case, the union is soon dissolved, and each part is set loose again to hunt for its lost half, joining itself to every one whom it meets by way of trial ; and enjoying no rest 'till its perfect sympathy with its partner shews that it has at last been successful in its endeavours.

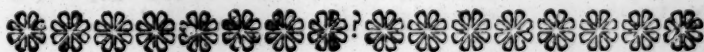
Were I disposed to carry on this fiction of Plato, which accounts for the mutual affection betwixt the sexes in so agreeable a manner, I would do it by the following allegory.

When Jupiter had separated the male from the female, and had quelled their pride and ambition by so severe an operation, he could not but repent him of the cruelty of his vengeance, and take compassion on poor mortals, who were now become incapable of any repose or tranquility. Such cravings, such anxieties, such necessities, arose, as made them curse their creation, and think existence itself a punishment. In vain had they recourse to every other occupation and amusement. In vain did they seek after every pleasure of sense, and every refinement of reason. Nothing could fill that void, which they felt in their hearts, or supply the loss of their partner, who was so fatally separated from them. To remedy this disorder, and bestow some comfort, at least, on human race in their forlorn situation, Jupiter

sent down Love and Hymen to collect the broken halves of human kind, and piece them together in the best manner possible. These two deities found such a prompt disposition in mankind to unite again to their primitive state, that they proceeded on their work with wonderful success for some time ; till at last, from many unlucky accidents, dissension arose betwixt them. The chief counsellor and favourite of Hymen was Care, who was continually filling his patron's head with prospects of futurity ; a settlement, a family, children, servants ; so that little else was regarded in all the matches they made. On the other hand, Love had chosen Pleasure for his favourite, who was as pernicious a counsellor as the other, and would never allow Love to look beyond the present momentary gratification, or the satisfying of the prevailing inclination. These two favourites became in a little time irreconcilable enemies, and made it their chief business to undermine each other in all their undertakings. No sooner had Love fixed upon two halves, which he was cementing together, and forming to a close union, but Care insinuates himself, and bringing Hymen along with him, dissolves the union produced by Love, and joins each half to some other half, which he had provided for it. To be revenged of this, Pleasure creeps in upon a pair already joined by Hymen ; and calling Love to his assistance, they under-hand contrive to join each half by secret links to halves which Hymen was wholly unacquainted with. It was not long before this quarrel was felt in its pernicious consequences ; and such complaints arose before the throne of Jupiter, that he was obliged
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to summon the offending parties to appear before him, in order to give an account of their proceedings. After hearing the pleadings on both sides, he ordered an immediate reconciliation betwixt Love and Hymen, as the only expedient for giving happiness to mankind. And that he might be sure this reconciliation should be durable, he laid his strict injunctions on them, never to join any halves without consulting their favourites Care and Pleasure, and obtaining the consent of both to the conjunction. Where this order is strictly observed, the Androgyne is perfectly restored, and the human race enjoy the same happiness as in their primæval state. The seam is scarce perceived that joins the two beings together; but both of them combine to form one perfect and happy creature.

Hume's Essays.



C H A P. X.

L U N A C Y.

LUNACY may in general be considered as arising from a depraved imagination; and must be therefore originally owing to a fault in the body, or the mind. We see instances every day, where, in fevers, all the powers of sense are utterly overturned by a
raging

raging madness: this frenzy conquers, or is conquered soon; but, from more slow and chronical causes, such obstructions may be formed, as gradually to produce various degrees of this disorder, and to remain invincible to the very last moments of life. Nothing more strongly disposes the mind to this depraved state, than to fix our attention to any particular object. Mr. Locke, if my memory does not deceive me, defines madness as arising from some particular idea, or sett of ideas, that makes so strong an impression upon the mind, as to banish all others: and the persons affected are chearful or melancholy, well-temper'd or fierce, according as the objects and ideas of their minds are different. From hence it is evident, that we ought to consider the strength of the mind even in the pursuit of knowledge, and often to vary our ideas by exercise and amusements; constantly fixing a strict guard against any passion that may be prevalent in too high a degree, or may acquire an habitual strength and dominion over us. Passions are gales of life; and it is our part to take care, that they do not rise into a tempest.

Love, with all its charms, must be restrained within proper bounds, otherwise it will torture that breast which it was formed to delight. Love contains within itself a variety of other passions, and lays such a foundation of madness in the mind, that the frenzy, in this particular case, never fails to appear in its full force, and to display itself in all its strength of horror.

Religion, which can only make the mind happy, and is our surest and best defence against
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the passions, if considered in a wrong and melancholy view, has often perverted the seat of reason, and given more inhabitants to Bedlam than any other cause. A religious lunatic is miserable, even to the deepest tortures of despair.

The miser, whom I must always rank among madmen, heaps up gold with anxiety that affects his looks, his appetite, and his sleep. The wretch dreads poverty in the center of plenty; and starves only because he dares not taste those fruits which appear most agreeable to his desires.

In some other species of madness, the persons affected are really more happy than in their senses; and it is almost a crime to banish the agreeable delusion. You remember the case of the citizen of Argos, who, after a salutiferous dose of hellebore, cried out,

*Pol me occidistis, amici,
Non servastis (ait) cui sic extorta voluptas
Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error.*

Such again would be the case of the beau of Bedlam, who, amidst darkness and confinement, still retains his vanity and self-admiration; dresses himself up in straw instead of embroidery; and when suffered to go to the window, imagines that he captivates every female who chances to pass through Moorfields. Is not such a man happier in his madness than in his senses?

Orrery,

C H A P. XI.

L U X U R Y.

S E C T. I.

Specimens of Antient English Luxury.

TH E opulence of the monks, as well as the number of them in the times of Henry the second, was enormous ; and the luxury, in which men professing poverty lived, was scandalous and offensive to the common sense of mankind. The table, which was kept by the monks of Canterbury, consisted regularly of sixteen covers, or more, of most costly dainties. These were dressed with the most exquisite cookery to provoke the appetite and please the taste. We are also told of an excessive abundance of wine, particularly claret ; of mulberry-wine, of mead, and of other strong liquors, the variety of which was so great in these repasts, that no place could be found for ale ; though the best (says Giraldus Cambrensis) was made in England, and particularly in Kent.—There is likewise an account, in the same author, that the prior and monks of St. Swithin, at Winchester, threw themselves prostrate at the feet of King Henry II. and with many tears complained to him, that the bishop of that diocese, to whom they were subject as their abbot, had withdrawn from them three of the usual number

ber of their dishes. Henry enquired of them, how many there still remained, and being informed they had ten, he said, that himself was contented with three; and imprecated a curse upon the bishop if he did not reduce them to that number. I repeat this story (says our noble historian) rather to shew the temperance of the king, than the excess of the monks. Fitzstephen tells us, that one day there was served up to Becket, during his embassy at France, a single dish of eels, which cost five pounds sterling, (*centum solidis sterlingorum emptum.*) He adds, that it was talked of all over the country; and well it might, for twenty shillings in those days containing in them as much silver as sixty in these, or little less, if we estimate silver at only five times the present value, as much was paid for this single dish of eels, as if we now bought one for seventy-five pounds sterling or thereabouts. But such account exceeds all belief.—In what manner the laity feasted in those days, John of Salisbury has given us a short description. He says the houses on such occasions were strewed with flowers, and the jovial company drank wine out of gilded horns, and sung songs when they became inebriated with their liquor. This is a better account of the festivity of our ancestors than that given by Froissart, who says that the English, in the time of Edward III. *s'enivroient moult tristement, a la facon de leur pays*; ‘got drunk in great sadness, after the manner of their country.’ By many evidences it appears, that a luxury in apparel was very general among the nobles and gentry of that age. Even the nuns
were

were not free from it, as may be inferred from a canon of the Legatine Synod, held at Westminster 1138, which, under pain of an anathema, forbids them to use the particoloured fables, called in French *petit gris*, martin, ermin, and beaver skins, or golden rings, to curl, or curiously set their hair. William of Poictou takes notice, that the English women, in the reign of William the Conqueror, excelled in embroidery; and tells us, that the garments of the English noblemen, whom that prince carried over with him into Normandy, in the first year of his reign, were richly inwoven and incrusted with gold. In the times of Henry the second it appears, that the whole gentry of England, having adopted the fashions of the Romans, were as magnificent in their dress as their fortunes could bear. The men also were very nice, in the reign of William Rufus, in curling and dividing their hair, which on the forehead of their heads they suffered to grow very long, but cut short behind. The extraordinary fervour of zeal, expressed by Anselm, and other churchmen of that age, against this fashion, seems ridiculous; but we find that they combined it with the idea of an affected effeminacy, and supposed it to indicate a disposition to an unnatural vice, which was very prevalent in those times. The good prelate, whose piety was so much scandalized at it, would have done well to consider, how much more the celibacy to which he forced the clergy, and the number of monasteries in this kingdom, might contribute to encrease that abominable wickedness, than any mode of dress. And indeed we are told,
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that his preaching prevailed with the English to cut their hair, but could not reform their morals. *Lord Littelton's History of Henry II.*

S E C T. II.

Luxury and Avarice : an Allegory.

MOST of the trades, professions, and ways of living among mankind, take their original either from the love of pleasure, or the fear of want. The former, when it becomes too violent, degenerates into luxury, and the latter into avarice.

When a government flourishes in conquests, and is secure from foreign attacks, it naturally falls into all the pleasures of luxury; and as these pleasures are very expensive, they put those who are addicted to them upon raising fresh supplies of money, by all the methods of rapaciousness and corruption; so that avarice and luxury very often become one complicated principle of action, in those whose hearts are wholly set upon ease, magnificence, and pleasure. The most elegant and correct of all the Latin historians observes, that in his time, when the most formidable states of the world were subdued by the Romans, the republick sunk into those two vices of a quite different nature, luxury and avarice: and accordingly describes Catiline as one who coveted the wealth of other men, at the same time he squander'd away his own. This observation on the Common-wealth,
when

when it was in its height of power and riches, holds good of all governments that are settled in a state of ease and prosperity. At such times men naturally endeavour to outshine one another in pomp and splendor, and having no fears to alarm them from abroad, indulge themselves in the enjoyment of all the pleasures they can get into their possession; which naturally produces avarice, and an immoderate pursuit after wealth and riches.

As I was indulging myself in the speculation of these two great principles of action, I could not forbear throwing my thoughts into a little kind of allegory or fable, with which I shall here present my reader.

There were two very powerful tyrants engaged in a perpetual war against each other: the name of the first was Luxury, and of the second Avarice. The aim of each of them was no less than universal monarchy over the hearts of mankind. Luxury had many generals under him, who did him great service, as Pleasure, Mirth, Pomp, and Fashion. Avarice was likewise very strong in his officers, being faithfully served by Hunger, Industry, Care, and Watchfulness. He had likewise a privy-counsellor who was always at his elbow, and whispering something or other in his ear: the name of this privy-counsellor was Poverty. As Avarice conducted himself by the counsels of Poverty, his antagonist was intirely guided by the dictates and advice of Plenty, who was his first counsellor and minister of state, that concerted all his measures for him, and never departed out of his sight. While these two great rivals were thus contending for empire, their conquests were
very

very various. Luxury got possession of one heart, and Avarice of another. The father of a family would often range himself under the banners of Avarice, and the son under those of Luxury. The wife and husband would often declare themselves on the two different parties; nay, the same person would very often side with one in his youth, and revolt to the other in his old age. Indeed the wise men of the world stood neuter; but alas! their numbers were not considerable. At length, when these two potentates had wearied themselves with waging war upon one another, they agreed upon an interview, at which neither of their counsellors were to be present. It is said that Luxury began the parley, and after having represented the endless state of war in which they were engaged, told his enemy, with a frankness of heart which is natural to him, that he believed they two should be very good friends, were it not for the instigations of Poverty, that pernicious counsellor, who made an ill use of his ear, and filled him with groundless apprehensions and prejudices. To this Avarice replied, that he looked upon Plenty (the first minister of his antagonist) to be a much more destructive counsellor than Poverty, for that he was perpetually suggesting pleasures, banishing all the necessary cautions against want, and consequently undermining those principles on which the government of Avarice was founded. At last, in order to an accommodation, they agreed upon this preliminary; That each of them should immediately dismiss his privy-counsellor. When things were thus far adjusted towards a peace, all other differences were soon accommodated, in-
much

much that for the future they resolved to live as good friends and confederates, and to share between them whatever conquests were made on either side. For this reason, we now find Luxury and Avarice taking possession of the same heart, and dividing the same person between them. To which I shall only add, that since the discarding of the counsellors above-mentioned, Avarice supplies Luxury in the room of Plenty, as Luxury prompts Avarice in the place of Poverty.

Spectator, N^o. 55.



CHAP. XII.

L Y I N G.

One of the meanest vices.

WHEN Aristotle was once asked, what a man could gain by uttering falsehoods; he replied, "not be credited when he shall tell the truth."

The character of a liar is at once so hateful and contemptible, that even of those who have lost their virtue it might be expected, that from the violation of truth they should be restrained by their pride. Almost every other vice that disgraces human nature, may be kept in countenance

tenance by applause and association : the corrupter of virgin innocence sees himself envied by the men, and at least not detested by the women : the drunkard may easily unite with beings devoted like himself to noisy merriment or silent insensibility, who will celebrate his victories over the novices of intemperance, boast themselves the companions of his prowess, and tell with rapture of the multitudes whom unsuccessful emulation has hurried to the grave : even the robber and the cut-throat have their followers, who admire their courage and intrepidity, their stratagems of rapine, and their fidelity to the gang.

The liar, and only the liar, is invariably and universally despised, abandoned, and disowned ; he has no domestic consolations, which he can oppose to the censure of mankind ; he can retire to no fraternity, where his crimes may stand in the place of virtues ; but is given up to the hisses of the multitude, without friend and without apologist. It is the peculiar condition of falsehood to be equally detested by the good and bad : “ The devils, says Sir Thomas Brown, do not tell lies to one another ; for truth is necessary to all societies ; nor can the society of Hell subsist without it.”

Adventurer.

END of the SECOND VOLUME.

